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NOVEMBER 29, 1966

at Do the Elections
ean to Conservatives?

NATIONAL REVIEW

VIETNAM: after all is said and done
ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

ABOLISH THE HIGHWAYS?
J. B. JACKSON

KENNER on McLUHAN

Also In This Issue:

WINTER BOOK ISSUE ♦ GUY DAVENPORT ON REBECCA WEST, IRIS MURDOCH, MARY RENAULT ♦ WILL HERBERG ON JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY ♦ HART ON KIPLING ♦ CORNUELLE, LEJEUNE, WAUGH ♦

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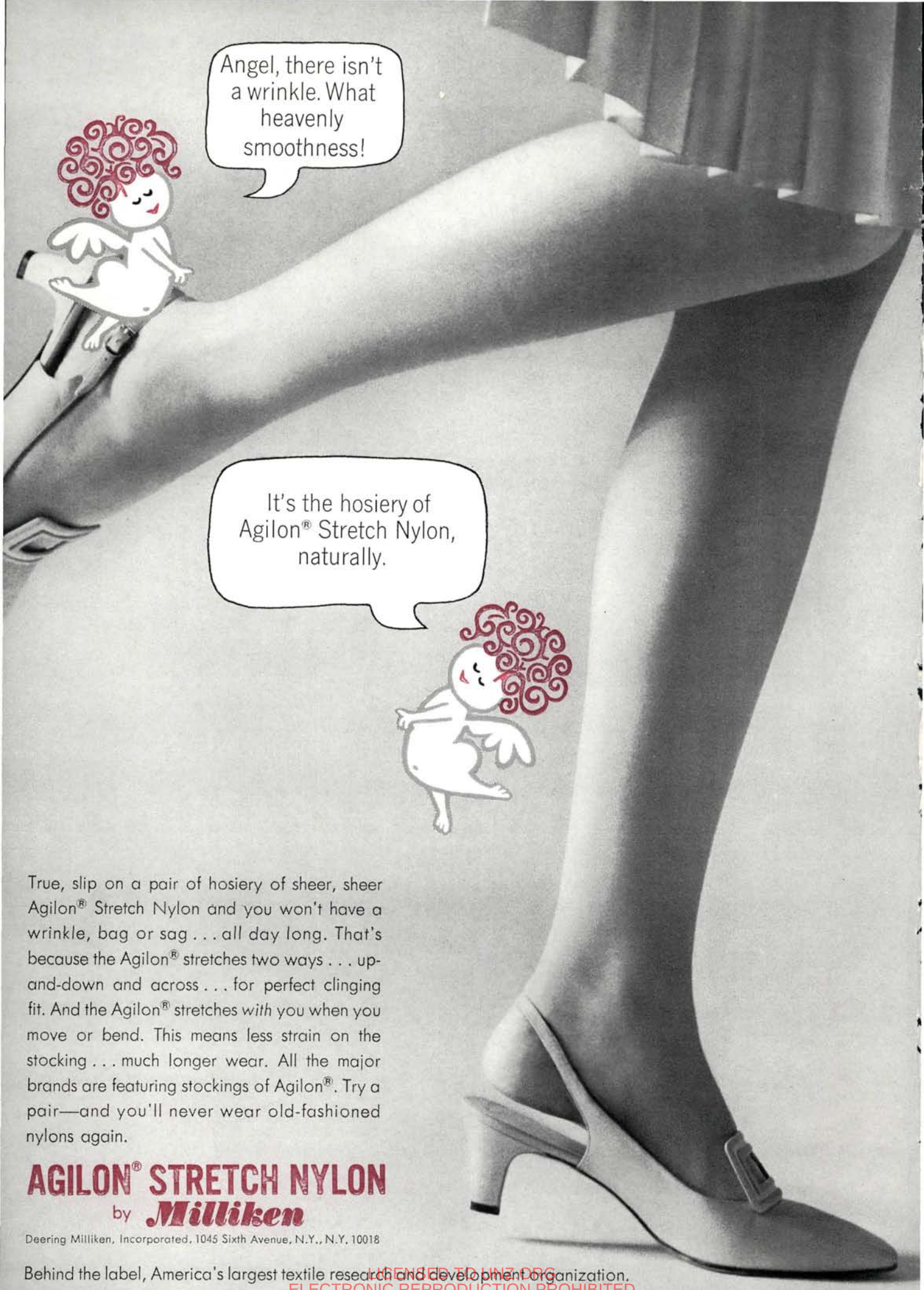

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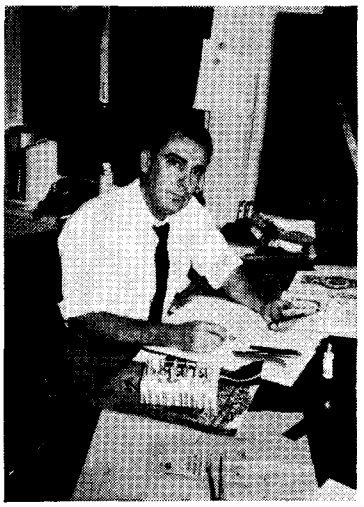
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ It being our Winter Book Issue, we field the first team for an all-systems-go book review section. Prof. **Hugh Kenner** leads off with a brilliant critical essay on Marshall McLuhan, the pop philosopher who is so famous that his name (he made it in media) turns up in bad novels misspelt, so tuned-in that everyone knows what he said and no one has read him, and so screwed up that he's actually three people. . . . Prof. **Guy Davenport** chimes in with a report on three learned ladies who have written three wonder novels—Rebecca West, Iris Murdoch, Mary Renault—all seen through the eyes of a Yugoslavian melonophagite. . . . Prof. **Will Herberg** carefully considers a batch of essays edited by John Courtney Murray and having to do with religious freedom *à la* the Declaration of Vatican II. Fr. Murray's own contribution and one or two others are real and worthy; as in any group there are some gentry who talk too much. But the total effort is commendable and indeed required reading for students in the field. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** likes the first and happily awaits the next two volumes of former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's memoirs, not only because they reveal, between the lines, an interesting human being; but because they explain, much more openly, the process by which the British upper class became shills for the socialists. . . . **Richard Cornuelle,** author of *Reclaiming the American Dream,* reviews the memoirs of perhaps the world's first professional money-raiser, one Arnaud Marts, b. 1888. If Americans gave more wisely, he says, state welfarism might wither away. . . . Prof. **Jeffrey Hart** remarks on the strange neglect of Kipling in recent decades, how unfair it is, and how pleasantly the reader will be surprised who comes upon Kipling for the first time. The late Edith Hamilton called Kipling, of all latterday poets, the closest to Homer.



James W. O'Bryan
Art Director

➔ Elsewhere we orbit the globe, performing our customary extravehicular stunts. Prof. **Ernest van den Haag** of New York University runs the Vietnam question through the computer of his mind, producing and rejecting all alternatives to success. . . . **Laszlo Taubinger** analyzes the Communists' campaign to get control of African labor movements. Mr. Taubinger is a correspondent of Swiss newspaper and broadcasting interests and is expert in world Communism and the affairs of Eastern Europe. . . . **Michael Tatlow,** a prominent Australian journalist, describes the people and policies at stake in the November 26 elections Down Under; the big issue is Vietnam. . . . **Alec Waugh** makes Soho sound delectable. . . . **J. B. Jackson,** editor of *Landscape,* would point our highways in the right direction.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** offers an early assessment of the elections; They produced, if nothing else, one of Mrs. Luce's finest moments. . . . And our pictorial splendor, this time, is a bit of narcissistic retrospection. It is the story of the birth and growth of our famous covers. All comments will be ignored. ➔

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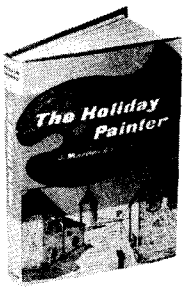

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Edmund Burke, too, is a man for our time: like us he lived in an age of revolution. He saw intellectuals of satanic arrogance itching to make mankind conform to their blueprints and contemptuous of every value that Western civilization stood for. And he saw what it would all lead to: lawless mobs screaming for blood. Burke shows us in *Reflections on the Revolution in France* why the one inevitably leads to the other – why the people we call Liberals make smooth the path to Auschwitz and Budapest... the Bay of Pigs... Berkeley... Watts.

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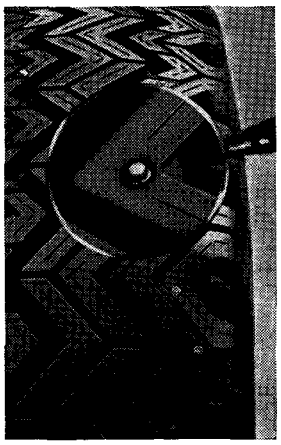

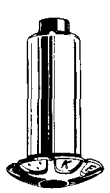

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TO THE EDITOR

Burnham on McNamara

It is deeply disappointing that NATIONAL REVIEW would offer so superficial and misleading an appraisal of critical national policy as James Burnham's "Why Do They Hate Robert Strange McNamara?" [Nov. 15]. You have joined *Fortune*, *Time* and *Newsweek* in their error, and not for the reason deduced by Mr. Burnham.

Many who have long admired Mr. Burnham's perceptive exposures of Communist plans and policy will be mystified by this emotional piece. They should not be. For though Mr. Burnham is indeed expert in matters of Communist policy, he has never liberated himself from the stereotypes of militarism in which doctrinaire socialists are so thoroughly indoctrinated. He hates war but he has never taken the trouble to learn about it.

For this reason, Burnham is a ready fall guy for the McNamara supersalesmanship and fiction of knocking the military blockheads together, which flow from the same socialist stereotypes. There is a rational explanation of the McNamara presence and performance, but it is not in the Pentagon propaganda which Mr. Burnham has so naively repeated.

McLean, Va. THOMAS A. LANE
Maj. Gen. USA, Ret.

For over ten years I have read NATIONAL REVIEW and never been bored. Well, you have taken a big stride in the direction of excruciating ennui. I refer to the apparent attempt by James Burnham to answer the question as to why people hate Secretary McNamara.

I say *apparent* because in eleven pages of indifferent, not to say stodgy prose and tedious aeronautical *Popular Mechanics* jargon, Mr. Burnham has not explained why so many millions hate the man. The substance of the article is that those who do are really very naughty ignorant people.

That may be so but the antipathy is there just as, in my case, it extends to carrots, Hubert Humphrey, paper napkins, sour cream and Harold Wilson, to name just a few objects of my non-love. Against any such phobias, no argument is effective although it can be amusing and readable. Mr. Burnham fails on both counts.

Boston, Mass. JOHN CANNELL

Burnham and McNamara are management experts.

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When pressure indicates weakness

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ıey move in just enough power. If it n't enough, our response makes us the sers because we overrespond to their inimal effort.

Let's see McNamara and/or Burnham ɔmputerize that! Or is that what Mc-amara has been doing the last six ears?

In *Congress and the American Tradi-on* Burnham juxtaposes the traditional ·ith the revolutionary. How possibly ın he, in even a brief treatise, ignore 'most completely the concept of mili-ıry tradition?

It was a very disappointing article.

loomfield, N.J. CHARLES M. HART

Iaybe if I read it through five or six ıore times I will find *something* I can ɔmplain of in James Burnham's "Why)o They Hate McNamara?", but as of ıe first time through I find I would not hange one single word—and I doubt if have ever felt, let alone said, anything n that order about anything this side f *The Tragedie of King Lear*. I have no lea whether McNamara's decisions are he best to be had, or even whether hey are good, in the technical sense. Vho does know? But I have known, to ome degree or other, every one of his ɔredecessors in office and I thank what-·ver god looks after us that he has ırrived, at last, with enough *moral* trength to try to manage the unman-ıgeable.

Vashington, D.C. FRANK C. WALDROP

)id Arthur Sylvester Jr. by any chance ghost-write the James Burnham defense ɔf Secretary Robert McNamara?

Hamilton, Ohio FREDRIC C. OLDS

Mr. Burnham is not ghost-ridden. —ED.

VL on NR

Your November First issue is superb, from the powerful memorial metaphor of the cover photograph to Farley Clinton's neat cinemectomies. I am even compelled to extrude, through tightly gritted teeth, praise for Mr. M. Stanton Evans' election summary and Morrie Ryskind's piece on Pat Brown; your election coverage this time excelled all the other magazines. And while I am in this eudaemonic transport, may I commend particularly to your readers your unusually perceptive observation on page 1077 that expected conservative gains "must be attributed, in part, to the trail-breaking of Senator Goldwater's 1964 campaign for the Presidency." In fact, extremist that I am, I would go even further than *NR* and say that conservative gains must be not in part but almost wholly attributed to Goldwater. For they came almost entirely in

(Continued on p. 1237)

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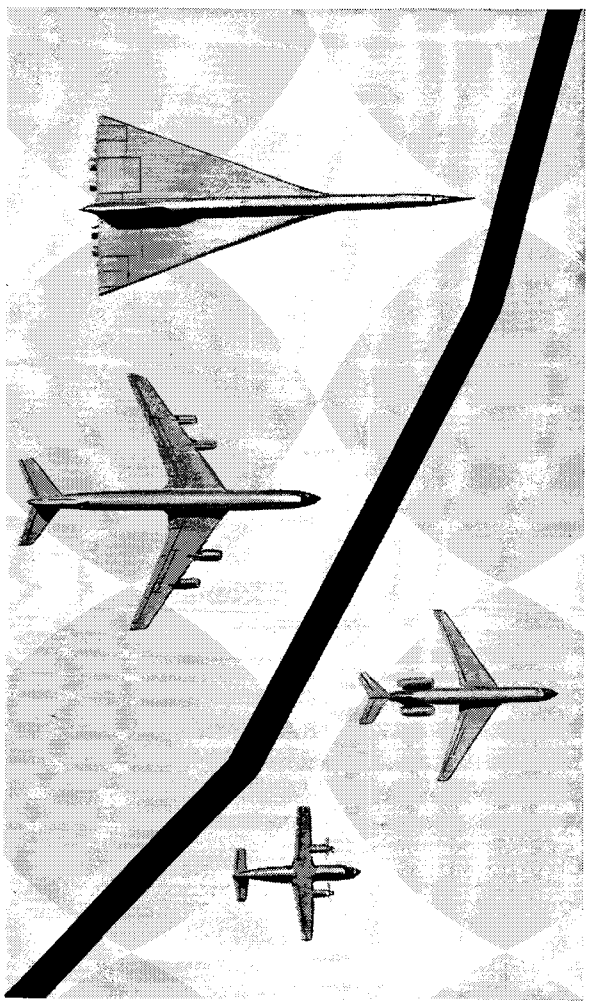

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The WEEK

● On a wall in London, a hundred paces from the American Embassy, someone wrote the pasquil: STOP U.S. MURDER IN VIETNAM. Shortly afterwards some other one scratched out "U.S." and inserted "Commie." Would it be too much to hope that the anonymous editor had crept out, at night, from the Embassy on this noble errand, and that no one had spotted His Excellency performing for his country?

● To those who hold that rioting is a natural reaction to material misery and educational neglect, the National Republican Congressional Committee commends the following statistics (from the *Dallas Morning News*): Of 1,057 adults (one-third of those arrested) taking part in the week-long riot in the Watts area of Los Angeles last year, 32 per cent were high-school graduates; almost 12 per cent had additional schooling. Seventy-three per cent were employed full time, 30 per cent in skilled jobs, 8 per cent in sales or clerical work. About half earned from $200 to $400 per month, and 22 per cent $400 or more. Further, three-quarters had lived in Los Angeles County at least five years, giving us a composite picture of the rioter as an employed Negro male who had lived in the community for some time and had at least some high-school education.

● For five years, except for authorized federal agents, no one will be allowed to see any of the photographs and X-rays that were made of the body in Dallas. Thereafter, for as long as any member of the immediate family survives, only private persons selected by Kennedy family lawyers will have access to the material. This decision by the Kennedys effectively seals off from public inquiry such matters as the precise nature of the bullet wounds, on which critics of the Warren Commission Report have based theories that Oswald had one or more accomplices. On being shown the secret material, two Dallas physicians who examined the President confirmed their original finding, crucial to the investigation, that Kennedy and Connally were struck by the same bullet. Critics are now suggesting that an independent medical review board be impaneled to secure affidavits relating to this testimony, so that the family will not seem to be suppressing the evidence in its natural haste to lock it away.

● New York's voters have authorized a state lottery for the usual highminded purposes (to wit: avoid tax increases). At the same time the Tax Foundation has reported a decline in the revenues from New Hampshire's lottery (down some 30 per cent from 1964, the start-up year). Lotteries have been tried dozens of times throughout American history and have come to grief. The most common difficulty has been corruption—a commodity so plenteous in New York that we can safely predict a very short, and very unsatisfactory, career for the nation's youngest sweepstakes.

● Noting President Johnson's offer to pull out if the North Vietnamese do likewise, and UN Ambassador Goldberg's Asian travel plans, some foresee a cooling off. However, Goldberg is increasingly independent of the Administration, and SecDef McNamara has announced a continuing buildup of U.S. troop strength in that theater (although at a slightly slower clip). Upshot: no reversal, but a further gathering of forces—perhaps with the idea that an overwhelming presence in the field will guarantee favorable negotiations.

● Henry Luce is a complex man. To show you how complex he is, he said a couple of weeks ago at Belgrade about Tito that he is "one of the authentic heroes of the twentieth century." It takes a man who is either a Titoist-Communist, or extremely complex, to make such a statement about a man with as bloody a history as Tito's, whose regime inspired his former associate Milovan Djilas to write in 1957 a book called *The New Class*, an anguished work of disappointment at Tito's betrayal of the ideals of socialism, not because Tito had come to think better of capitalism, but because he had come to think of himself to the exclusion of any ideals at all. For his pains Djilas went to a jail cell which, however remote, was not outside the earshot of Mr. Luce's words. What *can* Mr. Luce have meant? He should elucidate. What Mr. Luce needs is a medium through which to reach the public.

● Many of you have written in to inquire whether the Mr. Maxwell Dane who appends his name to the list of New York advertising executives in a public message rebuking the Independent Citizens Committee Against Civilian Review Boards for "appeals to passion, and the use of deceptive inflammatory statements . . . [which] only confuse and frighten the public and make reasoned judgment difficult" can be *the* Mr. Dane of Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc., the advertising agency which provided one of its outstanding clients in 1964, the Democratic Party, with TV commercials suggesting that the Republican candidate was prepared to poison little girls and blow them up. It certainly is hard to see how anyone having promoted that idea could accept, let alone endorse, the statement with which the ad, published the day before the election, concludes: "When advertising is used solely to exploit and incite emotion, our

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craft is dishonored and damage is done to advertising prudence and credibility," and in fact neither of Mr. Dane's colleagues (and they *are* his colleagues just as he *is* their Mr. Dane) appear to have done so because *neither of them signed the ad.* Isn't it obvious—but how could we have known in 1964—that Maxwell Dane stands between two guilty parties, a white rose crushed between Dirty Doyle and Bernbach the Beast? Or should we say daisy?

● Back in the mid-1950s this magazine described and applauded the Swedish institution of ombudsman—the state-paid agent authorized to receive a citizen's complaints and investigate their merit. The Establishment yawned. We kept at it. In 1962, for example (Aug. 28) and in 1964; and last year our mayoral choice gave it prominent billing. Still the world yawned. The idea has belatedly caught on, and now Mayor Lindsay is for it, the New York Civil Liberties Union is for it—everybody is for it. Maybe next year the Liberals will catch up with recommendations—made in Volume II of NR.

● Complete and unabridged from *Le Monde,* so help us God. "The Chinese press is praising a firefighting team at an oil drilling site, attributing its heroism to the thought of Mao Tse-tung. Six members of the team were killed in an explosion and violent fire. Despite this, the other members of the group continued to fight the fire inspired by the thoughts of President Mao Tse-tung! In this battle, 21 other workers received glorious wounds. One of the injured cried out in his delirium: 'Hurray for President Mao!' The food and medical aid he received were to him 'the expressions of the personal sympathy of Mao Tse-tung.' Another, suffering from serious burns, asked for a copy of the works of Mao upon his arrival at the hospital, even before his wounds had been tended. Despite his suffering he cried out incessantly: 'Hurray for President Mao!' and sang a popular song to the glory of the Chinese president."

● Where's Snow?

Who Won?

The Ripon Society, a Massachusetts organization of Republican Liberals centered at MIT and having access, one must assume, to the most sophisticated computers in the country, has analyzed the elections of November 8. The tenor of the analysis is suggested by the headline on Ripon's release: "Ripon Hails GOP Moderate Sweep; Calls For Responsible Winning Strategy for 1968 and the 1970s." In the same mail, the American Conservative Union, an organization of first-ranking Republican traditionalists, sent out a release headlined: "American Conservative Union Hails Conservative Election Victory; Sees Repudiation of Great Society, Conservative Coalition Restored."

Enough to confound any election analyst. So let us dig in, examine the claims of both agencies, and then contribute a little analysis of our own.

Ripon begins its report with a little talk about the crystallization, or lack of it, of major issues during the campaign. It reports confidently that "creative Republicanism: the New Federalism" made headway. It reports, further, that "a responsible course in Vietnam" was *the* forgotten issue of the campaign, but probably would not be the forgotten issue in 1968, and therefore that the GOP should prepare to move in on that issue, just exactly how is not utterly clear, for reasons utterly clear to political technicians, namely: if Vietnam is going sour in 1968 that means one thing for the Republicans, if it is going well, why, that's another, right, Jack? And the third point Ripon proposes: a total denunciation of the backlash, most especially "Governor Wallace's announced independent candidacy [which] has destroyed the electoral fantasy of the Goldwater southern strategy of 1964."

Ripon went on to cite, exultantly, the victory of George Romney of Michigan, who "demonstrated extraordinary drawing power, polling the largest gubernatorial plurality in forty years in a state which Johnson carried by over a million votes in 1964." Impressive. The report went on to hail the victories of Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York, John Chafee of Rhode Island, and John Volpe of Massachusetts who, along with Romney, "gained a *third term* (ital. in the original) as their states' chief executive. Republicans everywhere can take special pride in the fact that leadership which has been on the firing line for several years has been rewarded in this year's polling." Concerning the victory of Ronald Reagan, Ripon is primarily impressed that his Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Robert Finch, exceeded Reagan's vote by upwards of 100,000 and that Mr. Finch is—a "moderate."

Ripon goes on to insist that most of the junior Republicans who won office did so as the result of the drag of senior moderates, citing in particular Congressman Fred Schwengel of Iowa and Governor Romney of Michigan. With the exception of Florida and South Carolina, Ripon observes, "no Republican state win was based on a Goldwater strategy." Republicans increased their share of Negro votes—"except in California where Reagan polled only 4.6 per cent." Ripon also hailed "GOP inroads among urban and labor voters and intellectuals."

The American Conservative Union moved in on

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ While other politicians were bumping into each other at the San Juan airport after the elections, Gov. George Romney stayed home to start his campaign for the Presidency. A few days after the election he was off on a secret trip to Washington, where he and his staff discussed 1968 at fellow Mormon J. Willard Marriott's motel across the Potomac in Arlington, Va. Then came an appearance on "Meet the Press." Romney is claiming support, or a strong probability of support, from twenty of the 25 Republican governors and is, of course, careful to remain noncommittal about his Vice Presidential choice at this early stage of his campaign. (Even questions about a Romney-Reagan ticket bring smiles and the response that "nothing is out of the question.") But the signs are that Romney will turn East rather than West in his search for a winning combination. John Lindsay's aide, Robert Price, may move to Romney headquarters in January. Among the Marriott Motel strategists was former GOP National Chairman Leonard Hall of New York, and a Liberal Republican author, who is ghosting a book to come out under Romney's name (*The Conscience of a Moderate*?).

◆ One indication of the dramatic conservative gains in the House of Representatives: of the 153 House candidates recommended by the American Conservative Union, 133 won. Of the 87 House candidates endorsed by the Liberal Ripon Society, 31 lost to Democrats, and more than half of the 56 victors are moderate-to-conservative on the ideological spectrum. ACU's analysis shows that only three of the newly-elected Republican congressmen can be identified as Liberals, and nearly all the rest are conservatives. On controversial issues, moreover, the President can count on the support of no more than 180 to 190 of the 248 House Democrats—and 218 is a majority. The much-predicted coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats will be there, but its effectiveness depends on three factors: 1) finding a strong leader for the Southern Democrats to replace Rep. Howard W. Smith, who was defeated in the primaries; 2) winning the favor of Minority Leader Gerald Ford, who has been hesitant to forge such a coalition in the past; and 3) holding Liberal GOP defections to a minimum. The tiny band of Liberal Republicans provided the winning margins on key Great Society legislation in the 89th Congress.

◆ The GOP's net gain of three Senate seats, on the other hand, will not threaten Great Society legislation in that chamber, since its lineup in the 90th Congress will still be an overwhelming 64 Democrats to 36 Republicans. In the internal GOP power struggle, the Liberals made the big gains in the Senate, and the Liberal-dominated communications media will continue to spotlight every move of the three current favorite wise men, Percy, Hatfield and Brooke. Relegated to the statistics tables was the election of conservative Clifford P. Hansen in Wyoming and the re-election of all conservative incumbents. Howard Baker Jr., Senator-elect from Tennessee, was quickly branded a "moderate" in the effort to make 1966 a Liberal year, despite his strong support of Goldwater in 1964 and strong opposition to the Great Society in this year's campaign. Michigan Sen. Robert Griffin, who earned a 78 per cent conservative rating from ACA in the 89th Congress, now will be an integral part of the Romney team, and his votes will be interpreted in that light.

◆ Vietnam, though not a clearly defined issue in the campaign, brought gains of thirty hawks in the House and two doves in the Senate. Congressional support for the war should therefore remain as strong as before or stronger. Fifty-nine senators still support present U.S. policy on Red China, with thirteen advocating a tougher line, 28 a softer line. In the House, 281 members support present policy, 96 (a gain of fifteen) want a tougher line, and 58 (a loss of two) want a softer line.

—CATO

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the election a little differently. The fact of the matter, it observed, is that "conservatives will now have a workable majority on the major issues in the 90th Congress. One hundred and sixty-three conservative Republicans elected, plus a minimum of 60 hard-core conservative Democrats, add up to a clear majority in the House of Representatives of 225."

More specifically: "The ACU regards Republican victories last Tuesday as evidence of a definite conservative resurgence. All incumbent conservative Republicans but one were re-elected. Out of the 47 newly elected Republican congressmen, only three can be identified as Liberals. Nearly all the others are conservatives. The magnificent victory of Ronald Reagan in his race for the leadership of our nation's largest state is proof that honest conservatism, sincerely felt and articulated, will triumph over shallow Liberalism. Governor Reagan will undoubtedly play a major role in Republican politics prior to the 1968 Republican nominating convention. Conservative governors were elected in seven other important states: Williams (Ariz.), Rockefeller (Ark.), Kirk (Fla.), Samuelson (Idaho), Levander (Minn.), Laxalt (Nev.), and Rhodes (Ohio)."

We doubt that either side makes a conclusive case. But the conservative construction towards which we are naturally predilected, might as well move forward statistics and analysis of its own to throw light on the matter.

For instance. Ripon's enthusiasm for the re-election of Governor Rockefeller to a third term fails to reckon with the fact of his extraordinary decrease in popularity. When he ran first in 1958, he

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took 55 per cent of the vote. In 1962 he took 51 per cent of the vote. This time he took 45 per cent of the vote. Why? Because the Conservative Party of New York took an extraordinary 8 per cent of the vote—which, had it gone to Mr. Rockefeller, would have given him back his pristine plurality.

George Romney is generally produced as the Big Winner—most especially by Republican Liberals who have already designated him as Their Man in 1968. But in terms of achievement it should, one assumes, be noted that this plurality (23 per cent) fell short of that of 1) Governor Chafee of Rhode Island (to be sure, also a Liberal), which was an astounding 28 per cent; 2) Governor Volpe of Massachusetts (an in-between) whose plurality was 26 per cent; and 3) Governor Rhodes of Ohio (also 26 per cent).

—Ah hah. But the *odds* against *Romney* were *greater!*—it is assumed, Michigan having been so adamantly Democratic over so many years. But the statistics balk. Of all the states, Massachusetts, where the Republican won, is the most lop-sidedly (79 per cent) Democratic according to registration figures. In Rhode Island, the registration is 76 per cent Democratic. In Ohio, 53 per cent Democratic. It is a surprising datum, but nevertheless a datum, that in Michigan the Republican registration actually outnumbers the Democratic by 448,000 to 318,000.

—The senatorial races? Eleven Republican senators were elected, one of them newly elected. Six of them conservatives by the combined verdict of the Americans for Democratic Action and the Americans for Constitutional Action, were elected by margins exceeding Charles Percy's. Taking the pluralities of all of them, Liberals, and conservatives, we have: Smith of Maine with 38 per cent; Mundt of South Dakota with 32 per cent; Thurmond of South Carolina, Miller of Iowa, and Case of New Jersey, each with 24 per cent; Curtis of Nebraska with 22 per cent; Brooke of Massachusetts with 21 per cent; Boggs of Delaware with 20 per cent; Allott of Colorado with 18 per cent; Tower of Texas with 13 per cent; Percy of Illinois with 12 per cent.

—It is generally assumed that Percy did relatively better as a senatorial candidate than other Republicans, in the light—once again—of the registered Democratic preponderance. Wrong again. South Carolina and Texas (naturally) are ahead in relative Democratic registration. But so also are Massachusetts (where Brooke won) and New Jersey (where Case won). Another surprising datum: Illinois, like Michigan, has more enrolled Republicans than Democrats, 1,038,622 to 917,455.

Here are the background figures (rounded to the nearest 1,000): In Rhode Island, 462,000 people voted. Registration: Dem. 93,000; Rep. 28,000. (In Rhode Island as elsewhere many voters do not register party preference). Michigan: 3,711,000 voted. Registration: Dem. 319,000; Rep. 449,000. In Ohio, 3,141,000 voted. Registration: Dem. 658,000; Rep. 581,000. In Massachusetts: 2,721,000 voted. Registration: Dem. 750,000; Rep. 196,000. Texas: 2,355,000 voted. Registration: Dem. 1,126,000; Rep. 128,000. New Jersey: 3,254,000 voted. Registration: Dem. 310,000; Rep. 358,000. Illinois: 5,535,000 voted. Registration: Dem. 917,455; Rep. 1,039,000. California: 6,428,000 voted. Registration: Dem. 2,039,000; Rep. 2,061,000.

What can one deduce, in terms of projecting the popularity of individual Republicans under adverse Democratic circumstances? Nothing conclusive. The Liberal Senator-elect Brooke of Massachusetts probably takes the statistical honors. Or, rather—shares them with the adamantly Conservative John Tower. The Romney and Percy victories are not so impressive as those of Reagan and Rhodes. So where are we?

In all frankness, nowhere. The arguments for nominating Romney, on the basis of his showing in Michigan and his impressive credentials as a liberal, are no more available than arguments for nominating Rhodes, whose showing is as impressive, and whose credentials as a conservative are impressive. It is probably safe to say only this much: that nothing has been established tending to foresee the mood of the voters in 1968, or the individual Republican likeliest to catch their fancy. It is only indisputably the case that Congress has nudged back towards a two-party situation which will examine with a restorative skepticism the velleities of Mr. Johnson which, for the most part, were promptly enacted into law by the 89th Congress. And if that means the rebirth of Congress, why, that is a modest beginning towards democratic progress.

Stop Me If You've Heard This

It is always gloomy weather over in Joseph Alsop land and never so grey as the day after the elections 1966. Mr. Alsop is a magic weather prophet though, and in his view what the voters have imposed upon the Republican Party is not a startling victory with odds on the White House in '68 but an "acute dilemma" with almost certain doom in '68 unless the dilemma is resolved as Mr. Alsop directs.

Mr. Alsop directs the Republican Party to nominate a Liberal candidate for the Presidency. Only in this way, he says, would the party stand a chance of winning the election while losing the South, which of course would go to George Wallace, the Alabama racist Democrat, who of course would have formed a third party (with or without Lurleen) and run as the authentic conservative candidate financed by authentic conservative interests. If the Republicans run a Nixon or a Reagan, says Alsop, Wallace would withdraw in gratitude and also in poverty since au-

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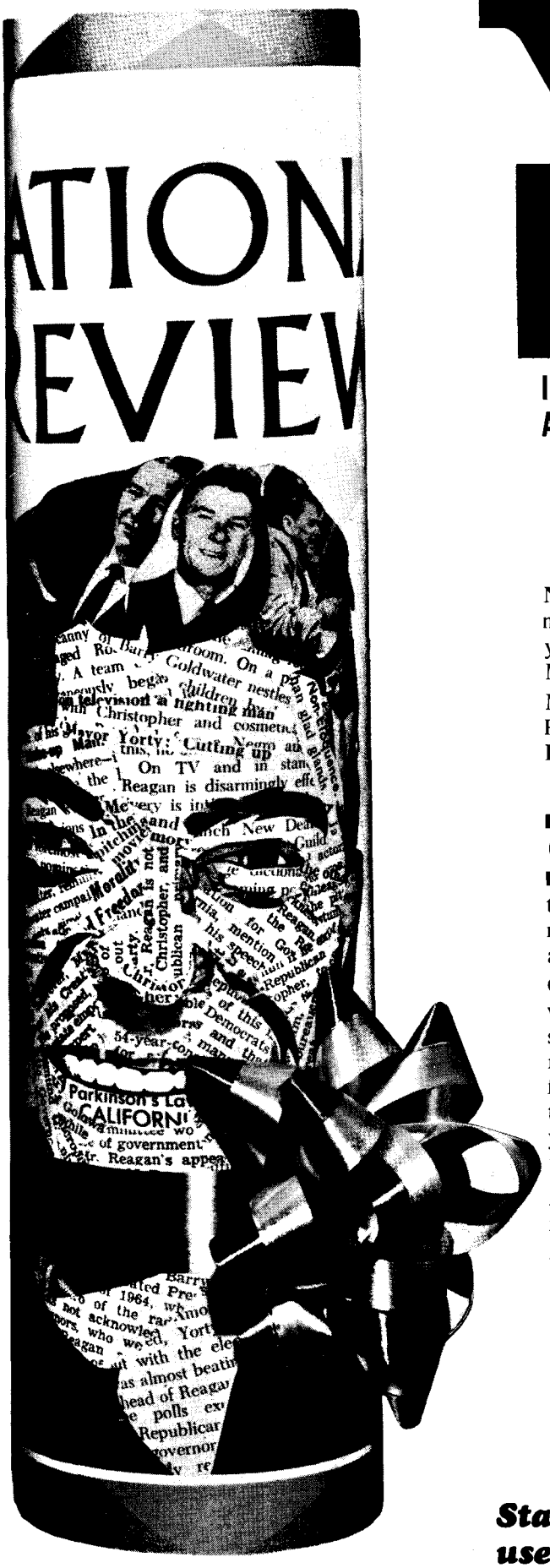

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thentic conservative interests. If the Republicans run their money on. The GOP would be rich but the GOP would die a second time, of the Southern strategy.

About one thing Mr. Alsop may be right: if the GOP runs a Liberal like Romney or Percy, Wallace surely will wish to run. He may wish to run in any case. The point is, it is absurd to suppose that all the potential Nixonites or Reaganites in the South would be any happier with Wallace than Wallace himself is with Nixon and Reagan. The former he despises and the latter he has already characterized as a dangerous turncoat. If, as Alsop hopes, a Liberal heads the ticket it is utter certainty that a conservative will balance it. The Liberal GOP margin at the grassroots is down and the conservative margin is up, way up, as even Alsop unhappily notes. Faced with the choice between landing a Vice President in the White House and helping a lone Alabamian make his big point, which point becomes increasingly abstract as the South moves toward the two-party system, which would you take if you were money?

It is strange indeed that Alsop, a sensible prognosticator on the whole, should have chosen to rig the entire future course of the GOP around a rabbit George Wallace has yet to pull out of his hat. If the election as regards the South was remarkable at all, and it was, it was in 1) the absence of a big white backlash and 2) the success of Republicans. The new Republicans of the South—Kirk in Florida, Rockefeller in Arkansas, Agnew in Maryland, Baker in Tennessee (and let us not forget Callaway, still a possibility in Georgia)—join Cooper in Kentucky, Thurmond in South Carolina and Tower in Texas to form a core of strength the party has never in modern times possessed and is not about to barter away along lines—those fading, worn and disused lines of the atavistic South—proposed to it by an unregenerate Democratic governor and a Liberal pundit who both think the South is what it is no longer.

The Yeps Have It

Last June George Meany ordered the American delegates to walk out of an International Labor Organization meeting after the ILO elected a Communist as president. Walter Reuther objected. In August, the AFL-CIO adopted a resolution supporting the President on Vietnam. Walter Reuther objected—the resolution was "intemperate, hysterical, jingoistic and unworthy [of the labor movement]." Whereupon Reuther demanded that at its November meeting the Executive Council of the AFL-CIO devote two full days to a review of labor's attitudes on foreign policy and let it be known to friendly members of the press that he was thinking of pulling the United Auto Workers (the largest of the AFL-CIO unions) out of the federation. Meany agreed to the extensive foreign policy discussion. Last week the Executive Council met in Washington. Walter Reuther didn't show up. The press of other business, he explained unconvincingly.

Why Walter Reuther funked the confrontation with George Meany that he has hungered after for years is of national significance. It was certainly not that he hoped by the power of rhetoric and logic to bring the hard-bitten and aging labor leaders who make up the Executive Council of the federation to an adoption of his go-easy-on-the-Reds position. Most of them are as firmly anti-Communist as Meany himself; most won their spurs in the Thirties when the Communists made an all-out effort to take over the U.S. labor movement—and succeeded only too well in a number of the industrial unions. But Reuther was hoping to swing a few votes his way, to push through a minority report assuring him the automatic support of the left-Liberal community when it is time to choose George Meany's successor.

In other words it was to be a power play. And come the big day, there was no tiger in Reuther's tank. He had put his prestige and the muscle of the well-disciplined auto workers into the battle to defeat Sen. Robert Griffin in Michigan and elect G. Mennen Williams in his stead. In that one it looked as if Reuther had the trumps. Williams was a proven friend of labor running in an industrial state, a flamboyant and successful campaigner, six times governor of Michigan, the man with the green polka-dot tie. Griffin had been appointed to the Senate only a couple of months before the campaign started; he is a lusterless campaigner, his name was on the labor-hated Landrum-Griffin Act. But Griffin won (the *Detroit Free Press* called the election a "complete

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and total defeat" for AFL-CIO Michigan president and Reuther protégé, August Schole).

So Reuther stayed home. ("I think he sold us down the river," commented his oft-times ally Joseph Curran of the National Maritime Union. "He's got no beefs in the future.") The Council debated nineteen foreign policy positions the federation has supported since its formation in 1955 and voted to go along with them all. When an incredulous reporter asked Meany if that meant the Council felt it had "made no mistakes whatsoever in the last eleven years," Meany replied,

"Yep."

Ike

There is no "formula" for ending the Vietnam war, Ike told a reporter for *U. S. News & World Report* who interviewed him the other day. But there were, in fact, a few things he wanted to say about it.

"When your man in the field says how much strength he needs, so long as we are in a war, there should be no hesitancy in giving it to him." Going about the war in a slow, step-by-step escalation which slyly avoids a formal declaration of war just "hasn't worked."

"I do not believe in 'gradualism' in fighting a war. I believe in putting in the kind of military strength we need to win, and getting it over with as soon as possible. The war should have first priority over everything else. When we get to the stage that we are losing American lives, then we need to view the war as a far more serious problem than going to the moon, or any domestic welfare programs, or anything else," he said.

And he pointed out, as far as the use of nuclear weapons is concerned, that if the enemy is confident that you will not use nuclear weapons, under any circumstances, then there is no longer any such thing as a "deterrent." From the enemy's point of view, he is as safe as if you had no atomic weapons at all.

Cc: IRS

From time to time we have focused on tax-exempt organizations whose activities were clearly partisan in the sense that the Internal Revenue Code (Section 501 (c) (3)) says they shouldn't be, and have asked: How come they continue to be tax-exempt? No one from Internal Revenue or, come to think of it, from the White House, has expressed gratitude for diligence. But we shall never be discouraged; never give up. Bravo for us. So today we add to the list the United States National Students Association, a twenty-year-old left-wing effrontery which is tax-exempt, and uses tax-free dollars and even government dollars, in order to make left-wing politics.

The NSA met for its annual convention during late August and passed the ritual abominations—we must abolish HUAC, recognize Red China, etc., etc., etc. But now we must also abolish the draft—a not uninteresting proposal provided it is proffered with some sense of the responsibility of the United States, by other means than the draft, to discharge its commitments to keep Communist imperialism at bay. Unfortunately, the NSA does not ponder alternative arrangements, on the contrary exposing its ideological motivations by demanding an immediate cessation to the bombing of North Vietnam, indeed a total opposition to the war in Vietnam. It is a reasoning indication of the prevailing sobriety that the press did not extensively report the routine drearinesses of the latest NSA connection, an eloquent tribute to the general ennui caused by the dogmatic leftism of that predictable body of young militants. But it remains a fact not only that NSA is tax-exempt, and so receives an indirect subsidy from those who contribute to its ideological lather. The subsidy is now also direct. Mr. Douglas MacArthur II, the State Department's Assistant Secretary for Congressional Relations, has admitted to Senator Frank Lausche of Ohio that the government had "awarded a grant to the NSA to send three of its officers to Vietnam. The purpose of their trip," said Mr. McArthur, "was to develop contacts with the Vietnamese student leaders, observe their way of life, and assist in the selection of a Vietnamese delegation to visit the United States." The purpose of their trip, in point of fact, was to confirm their prejudices that the U.S. should, in the ringing phrase of the NSA convention, "terminate [its] offensive military operations in Vietnam."

The forlorn Section in the Internal Revenue Code says that the tax exemption is granted to "corporations . . . organized and operated exclusively for . . . educational purposes. . . . no substantial part of which is carrying on propaganda, or otherwise attempting

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The Sea Around Us

Yes, it was wonderful Reagan won,
And, yes, the Florida win was fun.
I'm delighted Sonny Roosevelt flopped;
(I'm *ecstatic* the Lindsay Board was stopped!)
But surveying the thing dispassionately,
I feel like the kid near the Zuyder Zee
Who stuck his thumb in the dike to keep
The Dutch secure from the terrible deep.
Although he kept the Netherlands dry,
Aren't we due for a dunking, by and by?

W. H. VON DREELE

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to influence legislation, and which does not participate, or intervene in, any political campaign." The law of the land tends to be that anything done by youth is OK. We can understand permissiveness towards youth as a way of life. But it *is* galling to have to pay money to certify the contempt in which they hold their elders. Since they (or, rather, their most conspicuous leaders) *must* revolt, why not give them something to revolt against? Like an IRS ruling that NSA just plain doesn't qualify for tax-exemption? Under the law—if we can be permitted to trot out that old saw.

Soviet Spellbinder

Yuri Yashapenko, the Russian poet and firebrand, is currently showing U.S. audiences the stuff that real rebellion is made of. A spokesman for freedom of dissent in the Soviet Union, Yashapenko is equally outspoken on lecture platforms in this country, scattering his readings with derogatory references to Josef Stalin, Leon Trotsky and American musical comedy (except for *West Side Story*, which has enjoyed huge success in Moscow). His slashing attacks on the Nazis reflect a steely iconoclasm but have won him the grudging respect of many listeners, most recently the notably hard-to-please audience at the Poetry Center of Manhattan's Young Men's Hebrew Association. Ordinarily a mild young man with sleepy blue eyes, Yashapenko needs only a responsive audience to pounce like a tiger on such deserving targets as man's inhumanity to man, weaving about the stage and cutting the air with rhythmic swoops of a large scimitar. Or he can reduce audiences to helpless laughter at the foibles of politicians, all politicians everywhere.

Yashapenko typifies the new breed of satirists that has arisen in the USSR since last spring, lashing out in all directions. To Yashapenko and the "New Left," as critics have termed the movement, the babushka and the mini-skirt are alike objects of derision. On the subject of war his irreverence is uncontrollable. His best-known poem, "The Arena," says in part,

The legionnaires march, they are marching
They lie on my village which doesn't give a yelp.
Stroke your bellies, impotent sons of Rome,
Stroke your bellies.

Though speaking always in what he calls "the language of poetry," Yashapenko has in the past used that language to call repeatedly for a U.S. pull-out in Vietnam. A few months ago he urged U.S. poets to join in a round-robin denunciation of the war, passing a single manuscript from Moscow to Berkeley to Hanoi, each poet adding a few lines and his signature until a mammoth "Poem of Peace" could be presented to General Westmoreland by the Bertrand Russell Foundation. Since his arrival in the U.S., however, Yashapenko has been reluctant to press the scheme and has confined his attacks on U.S. policy to the statement, "Peace is best," and to the quotation of significant passages from "The Arena." Last week, in answer to Maoists at Columbia University who accused him of knuckling under to the American booking agency, Arduoso Inc. (45 cities, all advance sellouts, are scheduled for the present tour, which ends Christmas night with a return engagement at Madison Square Garden), Yashapenko said simply: "Those who do not understand me do not understand socialist realism." "Yuri's had a hard week," explained an Arduoso spokesman. "He's been up all night with John Steinbeck. He'll return to the attack in Cleveland."

In Cleveland Yashapenko fans waited in vain for the expected fireworks. But the irrepressible 33-year-old poet had evidently selected a new sacred cow to flay. When asked which was the better poet, Robert Lowell or Mao Tse-tung, he cut loose with a barrage against Peking. Translated as: "Mao says moo and you say he is a cow. But Mao says nothing, then what do you say? Who can understand those people?" Yashapenko's stinging, no-nonsense reply drew gasps from a capacity audience. It was the true language of poetry.

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The Election: What Did It Mean?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

"What did you think of the elections?" Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce asked a friend.

"It was full of anomalies."

"Yes," she meditated. "And some of them were elected."

What did the elections prove? Well . . . It depends of course on whom you're listening to, since we are all polemical profiteers. Johnson found it, of course, a massive endorsement of the Great Society, though sources close to Johnson are apparently conceding that the President has relied too heavily on his towering self, and ought to reinterest himself in party organization. Senator Javits of New York found in the election a triumphant repudiation of conservatism, though when pressed on the subject he started to dribble off into vacuities, in which he is greatly at home. Ray Bliss, chairman of the Republican Party, exulted over the revival of Republicanism among youth, labor, and independents. The backlash-students seem to be content to leave it that here (Ala.) the backlash asserted itself, there (Md.) it was repulsed, and over there (Ga.) it was a draw.

Buckley

Rueful O'Connor

A few points of interest. Mr. Frank O'Connor, who lost in New York to Nelson Rockefeller, gave a press conference a few days after the election, at which he seemed to rue his behavior during the campaign. It had been his chosen strategy to appear as the Original Liberal, seeking to effect a left-end run around Mr. Franklin Roosevelt Jr., the ex officio extremist in the race. Accordingly Mr. O'Connor came out in favor of the civilian police review board, against raising the subway fares, for the repeal of practically every tax and the augmentation of practically every state activity: and proceeded to lose the election whoppingly. Why? Well, there was of course the fact of Franklin Roosevelt's third party race and of Rockefeller's bruising campaign tactics. But the largest factor in his defeat had nothing to do with Roosevelt or Rockefeller. "I lost because of a rising trend towards conservatism. That's what cost me the election. I'm a big believer in trends," said O'Connor who has won nine out of ten elections in which he was a candidate, "and usually I can predict them pretty well, but I didn't see this one coming. The trend toward conservatism hurt me."

And, indeed, the showing of New York's little Conservative Party was the big page-two story of the Election. Its candidate for Governor, Dean Paul Adams of Roberts Wesleyan College in Rochester, New York, is a self-effacing man who spoke, clearly from the heart, a few simple, though not simplistic, conclusions about the highly ideologized quality of New York State politics. He gave a few speeches, shook a few hands, and spent a total of $32,000. He won the extraordinary total of over five hundred thousand votes, indeed ran fifteen thousand votes ahead of Franklin Roosevelt in New York City, the most Liberal city in the United States. Rockefeller, with major party support and major press attention, got 2.5 million votes and spent between ten and 25 million dollars (or so the estimates run) which is to say at least sixty (60) times as much per voter, possibly one hundred and fifty (150) times as much. Could it be that we are reaching the point where only Rockefellers will have enough money to persuade the little man to vote for the little man's best interests?

Senator Javits instantly did his best to discourage any discussion of Rockefeller as a Presidential candidate. "Governor Rockefeller," he told a panel of experts, "is a 'man of his word,' so that"—and here Javits indelibly, though no doubt unintentionally, underscored the difference between the word of non-politicians and the word of politicians: "I think he means it." Javits went on to confess his widely-known dislike for Nixon ("they rarely run racehorses after they're six or seven") and to express what might be called a velleity for Governor Romney. The senator's genuine enthusiasms are normally confined to himself.

Anecdotage

Of the lore of the campaign, I have two favorites. The electronic computers pronounced, early in the evening, Abe Sibal the victor in a Connecticut race for Congress over incumbent Donald Irwin, the Democrat, and the figures amply bore the EC out. Whereupon there was great rejoicing in Sibal's headquarters, and much ululation at Irwin's. Forty-five minutes later, EC cleared its throat and apologetically announced that it had exactly reversed the true results. Whereupon there was much ululation at Sibal's, much rejoicing at Irwin's. One sometimes wonders whether maybe it was Goldwater who really won by a landslide?

And then there was the young Conservative, running for the State Assembly in Harlem. A Negro woman advanced on him and growled that he was a Nazi. "Look, madam," the young and engaging Yale graduate said, "it's not right to call me a Nazi, any more than it would be right for me to call you a Communist." "But I AM a Communist," she answered exultantly.

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Letter from Australia

End of a Fiery Campaign

MICHAEL TATLOW

Australia's Prime Minister Harold Holt went into the final weeks of the most emotional election campaign in memory with quiet confidence, although things have not gone well for his Liberal Party-Country Party coalition government lately. There is little doubt that the voters, who will be going to the polls for the first time since the retirement of former Prime Minister and long-time Liberal leader Sir Robert Menzies, will give Holt's party the victory he seeks in this week's election. But last-minute developments may prevent Holt from winning the comfortable majority he needs if he is to carry through his policy of full support of United States policy in Vietnam. (At stake on November 26 are 124 seats in the House of Representatives. The delegates are elected for three-year terms.)

In the present House, the Liberals have a handsome majority of eighteen seats over the Australian Labor Party, led by Arthur Calwell, a 70-year-old veteran of the Australian political scene. While the Liberal Party is united on most major issues the Australian Labor Party (ALP) is badly split, both by a behind-the-scenes leadership struggle (see *NR*, August 23) and by the Vietnam issue.

On September 1, the ALP announced that, if successful, it would withdraw all conscripted soldiers from Vietnam immediately. That would be followed by a more gradual return of all regular army units serving in Vietnam on a schedule to be worked out in consultation with United States authorities. About one third of the 5,000 Australian troops in Vietnam are conscripts. While there is considerable sentiment in Australia against sending these draftees to Vietnam, the opinion polls show that few Australians favor the total withdrawal of Australian units from Vietnam.

Among those who opposed Arthur Calwell on Vietnam is Mr. Sam Benson, the ALP's expert on Southeast Asia and the man who would presumably have been Minister for External Affairs in an ALP government. There are other ALP politicians who line up with Benson on this, but he was the only one with the fortitude to come out into the open and oppose his party this fall. The Liberals, needless to say, were overjoyed at the split in ALP ranks less than two months before a crucial national election. (The ALP ended up reprimanding some of its right-wing members and expelling Benson from the Party.) It was handy campaign fodder for the anti-ALP press which duly exploited it.

President Johnson's visit to Australia was expected to be a boost to the Liberal Party in the election. Perhaps it was. But it didn't, conversely, seem to do the Australian Labor Party any damage. ALP leaders had a lengthy private conference with the President. One of the participants told me that Arthur Calwell assured the President that his party wholeheartedly supported United States foreign policy on all points except Vietnam. On that subject the two leaders agreed politely to disagree. As they walked out of the conference room both were smiling broadly.

MEANWHILE, the Liberals have again received the assurance of support of the Democratic Labor Party. This right-wing group broke away from the ALP twelve years ago. It has no members in the House of Representatives and only two in the Senate, where the government's majority is flimsy. The DLP's bargaining power lies in the fact that it gets about one-fifth of the national vote, which gives it the balance of power. In every federal election since its inception the DLP has given its "preference" votes, once its own candidates have been eliminated during the vote counting, to the Liberals. It has been the weight of these preference votes that have given the Liberals victory in both the House and the Senate in every election since 1954. The DLP is in favor of the fighting in Vietnam.

This was how the situation looked at the end of October when, out of the blue, the Liberal Reform Group injected itself into the electral picture. It put up candidates for certain seats which had been won by the Liberals by slender margins last time out. The group's principal difference with the orthodox Liberal Party is that it opposes sending Australians to Vietnam.

What is interesting is that the sponsor and the spokesman for the Liberal reformists is Mr. Gordon Barton, an exuberant businessman who heads the large road transport firm, IPEC. A co-sponsor of the group heads another freight company.

Now it so happens that some months ago the government hurried through Parliament special legislation that prevented IPEC from establishing its own freight airline. The top men in IPEC and in several other freight lines have good reason to be sore at the present government. (The question of their freedom to operate an air service went all the way to the Privy Council in London and in the battling back and forth they received a good deal of public sympathy.) Whether their motive is to punish the government (which Barton of course denies) or whether they in fact feel strongly on Vietnam is anyone's guess. What is important is that they have put up some surprisingly influential candidates and these candidates could affect the outcome of the election, although none of them is likely to be elected.

Barton's men could get a fair slice of the traditional 7 per cent swing vote that has decided the outcome of the last dozen federal elections. In all probability they will give their preference votes to the ALP, partially nullifying the DLP. If (and it's a big if) the Liberal Reform Group gets 5 per cent of the Liberal vote in two-thirds of the two dozen key seats they are contesting, *and* the ALP picks up a small percentage, Australia could have a new government.

Events between now and election day in Vietnam could affect the issue. A major engagement in which Australian troops are severely mauled could increase home resentment against Harold Holt's Vietnam policy. It is on the Vietnam issue more than on any domestic issue that this election will hang.

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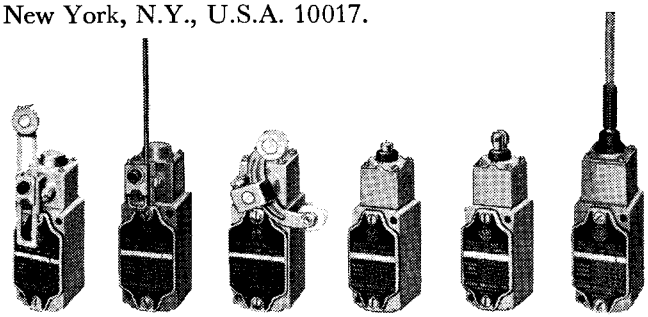

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Vietnam: After All Is Said And Done

If we abandon Vietnam now won't we be 1) telling our allies we can't be trusted and 2) bolstering the more aggressive of the two Communist regimes?

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

If you abhor suffering and premature dying you will wish to minimize both, as I do. As you are aware, sometimes we must accept the risk, even the certainty, of much pain and of many premature deaths, to prevent, or at least reduce the probability of more pain and of more casualties. Surgeons often must advise operations for such reasons; a patient would be irrational to consider only the pain and the danger of the impending operation and not the greater pain and the greater danger he may have to endure later without it. So would we be irrational were we to direct our thought and our compassion solely to the cruelty, the horror, the casualties and the dangers of the war in Vietnam without paying heed to the anguish, the grief, and the casualties we might invite if we retreat from Vietnam now. Whatever the answer, certainly the main, if not the only, question is: are the dangers to future world peace greater if we continue or if we halt the local war and abandon Vietnam?

A world without war is desirable, though unlikely in the foreseeable future. But a world with less, or even with less extensive, wars is preferable to one with more, or more extensive wars. Just as not undertaking a comparatively minor, though still dangerous and painful, operation may ultimately cause more of the danger and pain the shortsighted patient tried to avoid, so unwillingness to fight a local, though still dangerous and cruel, war may make an immensely more cruel and worldwide war more probable. Certainly the Second World War could have been avoided had it not been for the woolly-headedness, the misplaced "good will," the well-intentioned "pacifism" and the utter shortsightedness of the English, French and American peoples—all too faithfully reflected by the governments they elected.* We all have paid an immense price for our illusions: our reluctance to run a small risk and suffer some casualties caused millions of deaths and untold agony. Our compassionate intention turned out to have cruel effects.

Vietnam Course Is Justified

The circumstances in Vietnam are different. History does not repeat itself—if we learn from it. Surely some lessons can be learned from our mistakes with Hitler. We might realize, for instance, that the answer to the question: would abandoning Vietnam now increase or decrease the probability of bigger and better wars? does not depend on whether the Saigon government is as weak, corrupt, unrepresentative and reactionary as our journalists tell us. Possibly the governments whose territories Hitler infiltrated and conquered were as bad. But Hitler would have invaded Poland had it been governed by democratic angels. And Ho Chi Minh would infiltrate and try to conquer South Vietnam if it were run by angelic democrats. (To be sure, he would have a harder time. But the Apocrypha tell of attempts to subvert even paradise, stopped only by God's violent intervention.)

Incidentally, the faults of non-totalitarian governments—corruption, inefficiency, disunity—are apparent while they are in power, while the equivalent faults of dictatorships spring to the eye only after they fall from power. Is Saigon's government really worse than Hanoi's—or is it just as bad? We sometimes compare the imperfections brought out by criticism in a comparatively free society with the perfections of totalitarian propaganda images.

Anyway, if Saigon is corrupt, unstable, or weak it can be reformed from within. Whereas Hanoi, because it is strong, incorruptible and irremovable, cannot. If both governments are bad—in whatsoever different ways—the future, even the present, is certainly better with corruptible than with incorruptible evil, with a bad government that is removable than with one that is not. The Vietnamese seem to think so, if the net immigration to the South means anything.

The power of the Vietcong in the countryside, often taken as evidence of popular support, may be evidence of ability to terrorize and intimidate. We know now that this was the case in an analogous situation in Malaysia. At the time we were told that the Malaysian guerrillas were successful because they had the unanimous support of the people—as we are now told about the Vietcong. Our journalists and ideologues are so busy professing their love for Clio they do not notice that their sentiments are unrequited.

All this does not answer the main question: is the reduction, if any, of the probability of worse clashes with the Communist powers sufficient, with what other grounds there may be for it, to justify our present policy in Vietnam? We must deal with at least a few of the irrelevancies which encumber this basic issue, before we explore it directly.

1) Should we have intervened in Vietnam in the first place? It is quite

* I forego elaborating on the domestic support the Communist governments and parties the world over gave Hitler. Mr. Norman Thomas opposed intervention then—as did his brethren the world over—and he does now. He is consistently wrong, and wrongly consistent—more willing to rector history than to learn from it.

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possible—though far from demonstrated—that intervening was one of President Kennedy's many mistakes. But the issue before us is not: should we start the operation?—Mr. Kennedy decided that question—but, should we continue it? Objecting to the past is no substitute for confronting the present.

2) What right do we have to interfere in a far-away civil war? This too is a moot question now. The effects, moral or material, of continuing or discontinuing our present policy do not depend on whether we were right, wise, or justified, to start it. Once a promise has been made or an action started, the question is whether to keep or break the promise or to continue or discontinue the action.

Further, Saigon (or Berlin, Moscow, Peking, or even the moon) no longer is far away, militarily or politically. And, partly for this reason, civil wars are no longer intra-national conflicts, whether in Spain, Yemen, Hungary, or Vietnam. Wherefore China and the Soviet Union are allied with Hanoi and the Vietcong, and we are with Saigon. The policy of the government of one country affects other countries which, depending on circumstances, may attempt to influence, support or overthrow it, by diplomacy or force. Legally, governments are independent of each other. But in fact this is so in some cases, partly so in others, and not so at all in, say, East Germany or Yemen. I do not foresee any purely intra-national civil wars in the future. There have been some in the past. There are none in the present. The world does not become different by wishing that it were: and to pretend that it is better than it is, is likely to make it worse.

3) Aren't we violating the Geneva accords? These accords were violated by North Vietnam, which was a party to them. Neither South Vietnam nor the United States subscribed to or is bound by these accords though we did support them. But we also made it clear at the time that a "renewal of aggression" would not find us complacent. Anyway, the Geneva accords are as dead as the victims of the war they did not prevent.

4) What about the "free elections" provided for in the Geneva accords? There is no indication that Hanoi will permit *free* elections—with opposition free to oppose and replace the government. And most of the population of Vietnam live under the domination of Hanoi—hence election Communist-style would be an automatic victory for Hanoi. Free countrywide elections are desirable, but possible only when democracy has been established. The whole idea is quite irrelevant to present circumstances.

5) What is the role of the United Nations in all this? None, of course. The United Nations takes the side of all participants, since it is no more than a name for all the nations together—a deceptively wishful one, since the nations are not "united," and the UN cannot act independently of them: it simply reflects whatever conflicts or agreements there are, causing neither. To presume that the United Nations can do anything the nations cannot do is absurd. Therefore if you want to think seriously about international relations forget about the UN. It is as relevant to war and peace as the Metropolitan Opera Company—though more expensive and less enjoyable.

6) World opinion and our allies disapprove. Possibly. But foreign policy is not a popularity contest: we may be right though disapproved of (world opinion usually favors appeasement of aggressors, and usually is wrong). Most likely most things we will do will be disapproved of; we cannot hope to be wealthy, powerful *and* popular. We can hope, though, to be respected and influential. I doubt that abandoning Vietnam would increase the respect of our friends and enemies, or our influence.

Besides, there is no such thing as "world opinion"; there is a relatively free public opinion in democratic countries, a government-manipulated journalism in the non-democratic ones, and cocktail gossip at the UN. So far, we have not lost any allies because of Vietnam; on the contrary we may gain some. Some governments and journalists who find it expedient to oppose us publicly may also be pleased that our protection affords them the opportunity to do so. The Indians used to tell us to stop being beastly to those nice Chinese—until they were attacked by the Chinese and found Mr. Krishna Menon's speeches an ineffective defense.

Now let me turn to more relevant questions.

1) Isn't there a danger that the war will degenerate into a wider conflagration? I suspect that our intervention reduces the danger of more extensive wars. Red China gives no indication of a wish to intervene directly, nor does Russia. Logistically, and in terms of its general situation, Chinese intervention would be ineffective and could bring disaster to both North Vietnam and China. Russia is in a similar position. A widening of the war seems therefore most unlikely, provided that we continue to deny victory to Hanoi without threatening either the existence of North Vietnam or of China.

2) Doesn't our intervention in Vietnam unite China and the Soviet Union against us, their common enemy? History has answered that question: the conflict between China and the Soviet Union has been exacerbated and the world Communist movement split wide open during the Vietnam war. China's worldwide influence is declining. That of the Soviet Union is not increasing.

3) Can we win without escalating and greatly increasing the risk? I believe we can deny any semblance or hope of military or political victory to North Vietnam and its supporters, including the Vietcong, without spreading the conflict. As long as we do so we are winning—for this was and is our aim. Once our resolve, ability and persistence are beyond a reasonable doubt—beyond even the unreasonable doubts of some of our enemies—a reasonable truce along Korean lines is likely. This is not yet the case. (Peace demonstrations in the United States, however legitimate and well-intentioned, do not help in this matter, and do encourage false hopes in Hanoi which prolong the war.) We have to live with war until this is achieved—not an attractive prospect. The alternatives, however, are even less enticing, indeed far more cruel and dangerous.

If we were to discontinue our military action in Vietnam without having secured South Vietnam against being taken over by Hanoi, the following effects are probable.

1) South Vietnam would be united to North Vietnam under Ho Chi Minh's totalitarian rule. Countless South Vietnamese who placed their

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faith in our commitment, and helped us, would be slain. The chances for a non-totalitarian regime, for economic prosperity and for individual freedom would be extinguished in South Vietnam for a long time to come.

2) Laos and Cambodia, now precariously independent, would become satellites of China: there would be no effective power in the area to check Chinese power. The reunified Vietnam would be entirely dependent on Peking—regardless of how much domestic autonomy the Chinese might find it wise to allow. This is probably not the desire of any parties in Vietnam, and certainly not of the people. But it would be the effect of our withdrawal.

3) Neither Thailand nor Burma could hope to resist Chinese pressure; both countries would become satellites of China. Indonesia and Malaysia would be under increasing pressure. If we refuse to help them they would have to yield. If we support them we would be confronted with infiltration, subversion, and the same "civil war" from which we withdrew in Vietnam.

4) Chinese influence throughout Asia would increase and ours would decline. The Chinese would be able to dispose of populations and resources not available to them now.

5) Our allies throughout the world, and the countries which relied on our support for their neutrality, would be forced to realize that American policymakers, after having committed themselves to the defense of an area, and induced others to rely on this commitment, may change their mind when the going gets rough, without being compelled to do so by military defeat; regardless of commitments we may refuse to fight, or to fight on. Our promises would be regarded as unreliable. This would weaken the fabric of our alliances throughout the world. Some of our allies may become neutrals; some may switch sides; some neutrals may become allies of hostile powers.

Although our own actual power may not be decreased, the doubt thrown on our resolution and reliability will diminish its weight in influencing other nations. We may have to exercise it to make it credible—we may have to go to war to defend positions that previously could have been defended merely by the promise to defend them if the need arises.

6) Within the Communist world there has been a widening split between the Soviet Union, followed by its satellites, and China, followed by its client states; many of the Communist parties in the world are split now, but Soviet leadership has prevailed in most instances.

One of the issues in the Sino-Soviet conflict has been the strategy to be adopted toward the United States and its allies. The Soviet Union decided that attempts to conquer by external violence, or to support internal violence in countries now independent, or allied to the U.S., are unpromising as well as risky. Although not renouncing its ultimate aims formally, or in fact, and no doubt still hoping for a Communist world, the Soviet leaders now rely on political subversion, economic support, diplomacy, threats, blandishments, maneuvers, bluff—anything other than direct or indirect military confrontation with U.S. power. The Chinese accuse the Soviet leaders of betrayal, un-Marxist accommodation, cowardice, etc. They adhere daily to the ideology which Moscow now solemnizes only on Sundays (and has reinterpreted for everyday use in terms of "peaceful coexistence").

The Chinese believe that "capitalism" is on its last leg, and can be toppled by an aggressive Communist strategy. Unlike Moscow, Peking professes to believe that the United States is irresolute, divided, and beset by domestic difficulties which would paralyze it in case of war. Further, Peking insists that American power is overestimated, and actually no match for Communist determination. Hence, Peking advocates a policy of confronting the U.S. with "revolutionary power even at the risk of war"; an aggressive policy of "liberation" should be pursued in Asia, Africa and wherever possible. The Soviet Union ought to support militancy by constant pressure in Europe, regardless of risk. The time to "liberate" the world is now.

7) The policies of imperial China had limited objectives, and most of the time, left its neighbors undisturbed. Communist China, however, has shown in Korea, Vietnam, Tibet, India and Africa that the talk of unlimited "liberation" is more than rhetoric. In time more cautious counsels may prevail—but not if the dogmatic world-conquering ideas, which grossly underestimate our abilities and our will to resist are, or seem to be, successful. In that case an all-out war to defeat China may become unavoidable if the world is not to be surrendered to Chinese domination.

8) Should we abandon Vietnam now, we would immensely strengthen the Chinese, and weaken the Soviet leadership within the Communist world. We would also create or increase pressure on the Soviet leadership to follow more aggressive policies. In short, we would immensely strengthen the fanatically aggressive wing of world Communism which does not shrink from a military confrontation with us, and believes it can "win" such a cataclysm. We would have given the impression to the world Communist leadership that the United States is weak, or irresolute enough to retreat when confronted with determined "revolutionary" military force. Nothing should be more likely to bring about the worldwide disaster which those who propose to abandon Vietnam wish to avoid as fervently as I do.

9) Although it is fraught with "blood, sweat and tears" and the end is not in sight, our present policy in

(Continued on p. 1237)

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Abolish the Highways!

We won't have an effective roadside beautification program, says the author, until we make the relevant distinction between tourist and working highways

J. B. JACKSON

Not long ago a lady much in the public eye made a trip by automobile to see some of the historic landmarks of rural America. She saw them, but she also saw something else which caused her considerable distress: that was the scrofulous condition of the scenery along the right of way. Once home, she turned to her husband for advice: what could be done to improve the appearance of the American landscape?

Since he was perhaps the most powerful man in the country he had no difficulty in organizing and financing a beautification program of national scope, and because of who he was there were prompt offers of help and money from such sources as the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the AAA and the General Federation of Women's Clubs, as well as from large corporations and public-spirited individuals. There followed a series of conferences on beautification, exhibits of beautification, prizes for beautification, and a center for beautification guidance. Public support was soon forthcoming, and it seemed that at last the American landscape was to be restored to its original beauty.

The lady in question was Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr., and the trip (which was through New England) seems to have taken place sometime in 1927. The purpose of the campaign thus auspiciously launched was to encourage the tidying up of the right-of-way by means of artistic plantings and improved design of refreshment stands —of which there were then estimated to be no fewer than 60,000, scattered along the highways of the nation. The organizing of the movement was entrusted to Alon Bement, at that time director of an institute known as the New York City Art Center.

Mr. Bement, like his patroness, felt strongly about those ubiquitous refreshment stands, which he referred to as "ulcerous little huts" and identified with what he termed "the so-called 'hot dog' industry." With some temerity he also criticized the appearance of filling stations. The Art Center therefore offered prizes for better-looking "gasoline pumps" in addition to prizes for stands and for successful landscaping.

In those days the American press was not so enlightened as it is now, and Mr. Bement's efforts were often misinterpreted. He later conceded that "at least 50 per cent of the 20,000 to 30,000 news articles . . . published . . . treated the subject humorously." The *Portland Oregonian,* for instance, doubted that "the members of the Art Center, who are raising all this cultural hob, ever ate 'hot dogs.'" But Mr. Bement took the levity in good part. He was happy to inform the readers of the *American Civil Annual* for 1929 that "model lunch stands and filling stations which resemble New England farm houses are being erected in Westchester County, with the gas pumps concealed in lattice covers reminiscent of old oaken buckets hanging in the well."

New Traveling Public

Whatever happened to these authentic handcrafted roadside establishments? Probably they merged so successfully with their suburban environment that they eventually lost their commercial identity altogether. There is not a trace of them left, any more than there is of Mrs. Rockefeller's valiant crusade of almost forty years ago.

Still, it would not do to dismiss the effort as futile. A generation past there were not many automobile tourists, and most of them, it is safe to say, belonged to a prosperous class with conservative tastes in beauty. They explored rural America much as they might have explored Europe: on the lookout for unspoiled scenery and picturesque houses. Like Mrs. Rockefeller this restricted traveling public wanted to see historic landmarks; they were not interested in farming techniques or public works or housing conditions, or in resort-style entertainment. So it was logical (at least in the opinion of Mrs. Rockefeller) to try to preserve the traditional bucolic aspects of the American countryside. And besides there was no other important traveling public to consider.

Campaigns of this sort are part of a valuable American tradition: they represent periodic housecleaning on a community scale. It is essential that from time to time we are made to take a fresh look at the world around us and see whether it is in order; and it is usually a small group, often one indignant individual, who rouses us to action. Without an occasional reminder of how our surroundings can be improved, without public outcries against neglect and abuse of the landscape we are likely to find ourselves living in the midst of accumulated squalor. In any case, clean-up and paint-up campaigns, tree-planting and gardening campaigns, beautification campaigns of all kinds are endemic to the United States; at any given moment a dozen small towns and cities are enthusiastically setting out to improve their appearance; and because they think in terms of specific needs—more business, better sanitation, less delinquency—they often succeed.

Sometimes these movements are on a national scale. What was probably the first all-American campaign occurred in the Forties of the last century. It took the form of a Romantic repudiation of the post-Colonial classical style which we now know and admire as Greek Revival. Andrew Jackson Downing, a young landscape architect and garden designer with

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revolutionary ideas about the "true" relationship between man and nature, was one of the leaders. He repeatedly attacked the bleakness and ugliness of the American rural scene —"old wooden houses out of repair . . . chalky white in their clapboards and spinachy green in their blinds"— desolate unkempt village commons where cows were allowed to graze, streets and country roads barren of trees. It was he who preached a more informal, more picturesque domestic architecture, derived from "Gothic" cottages and Italian villas, and a more sensitive bond between house and garden and surrounding terrain. Much of the surviving charm of small town America, the Romantic treatment of the older suburbs and cemeteries and college campuses and parks we can ascribe to the influence of Downing.

Another esthetic crusade seems to have taken place sometime in the Eighties. Far less easy to identify, it nevertheless left its mark on the landscape, for it helped do away with the fences and hedges and walls which had hitherto separated village neighbors. It thus brought into being that generous sweep of lawn, surrounding the house and extending down to the edge of the street that we have come to think of as typical of New England.

Finally toward the end of the century, when the City Beautiful and Outdoor Arts movements had already had their effect on the public, Edward Bok in *Ladies Home Journal* conducted a series of one-man crusades against billboards, untidy back yards and the drabness of the average American residential street.

So the current federally backed war against ugliness, better known as Mrs. Johnson's drive for a More Beautiful America, is not without precedent. It seeks to enlist the efforts of all citizens, not merely professional environmental designers, and its scope (so we are given to understand) is the entire environment. But it differs from those previous campaigns in at least two important respects: it is not concerned so much with the private as with the public realm, and though it counts on popular support, persuasion as a weapon is largely replaced by legislation and government control of funds. It was one thing for Downing in the pages of the *Horticulturist* to try to induce country gentlemen to plant Norway spruces be-

cause of their picturesque quality, or for Bok to denounce castiron stags on the front lawn, or even for Mr. Bement to promote Colonial hot-dog stands: these were matters of individual taste that no one was obliged to heed. But when Congress appropriates money for certain types of beautification and imposes a partial control over certain industries because of their unsightliness, then the issue becomes entirely different.

It is not a question of the propriety of such controls—that has already been agreed upon, and the public is in favor of them in principle. There seems to have come one of those moments when the nation is uncomfortably aware of its shabby appearance and determines to do away with the visual disorder of cities, the ugliness along highways and the widespread despoliation of natural resources. But the question is not so much what is ugly as what is beautiful.

The answer to this very fundamental query is not, at least in the case of the current campaign for a More Beautiful America, hard to come by. We have two authoritative definitions of environmental beauty: one is the President's Message on Natural Beauty of February 1965; the other, the proceedings of the White House Conference on Natural Beauty, held in the spring of that year. This is a volume of some 780 pages, published under the title of "Beauty for America."

Briefly, the official definition of environmental beauty seems to be this: it is that visible element in our surroundings, natural or man-made, which gives pleasure and enriches the quality of our existence. There have been more profound definitions in the past, but as a basis for landscape improvement this one ought to do. It implicitly includes the everyday world as well as the world of leisure, the city as well as the country.

The Presidential Message dealt with much more than natural beauty; it dealt with air and water pollution, the disposal of solid wastes, and the need for research in these fields. But it had an important section on urban and rural beautification, and beautification of highways. In suggesting that our highways be transformed into "ways of recreation and pleasure" the President called for the creation of "attractive city-scapes along roads and in business areas." So the emphasis was pretty equally divided between improving the man-made and the natural environments.

The stated purpose of the White House Conference was to discuss in detail measures "to rescue our cities and countryside from blights." It was accordingly divided into three sections —the city, the countryside, the highway. But there was only one panel report on the townscape, and only one on the farm landscape, whereas there were four on the highway and related problems. As one participant, a national expert on urban matters, complained: "The whole Natural Beauty Conference had a very perceptible bias against cities and therefore tended to neglect the basic problems to which everyone paid lip service."

Serious discussions of the highway in the contemporary American landscape is thoroughly justified. No other man-made feature—dam, canal, railroad, airport—can compare with it as a revolutionary force, and its power to produce good and evil increases every year. Yet the Conference chose to consider one aspect, and only one aspect, of highway design: its impact on the natural scene. The original definition of environmental beauty was thus seriously modified: it now came to mean that visible element in our *natural* surroundings that gives pleasure and enriches the quality of our *leisure* existence.

One explanation for this shift in emphasis is Mrs. Johnson's traumatic experience when she toured a part of rural America two years ago and discovered auto junkyards and billboards. Her reaction at that time was

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the same as Mrs. Rockefeller's had been: if tourism such as she had hoped to enjoy was to be made possible, something would have to be done about the untidiness of our highway margins.

But this is to be unfair to Mrs. Johnson. It is perhaps true that she precipitated much of the premature denunciation of billboards and junkyards, but it must be said that she has subsequently tried to show an intelligent interest in *all* features of the American scene; and the prominent role as arbitress of environmental beauty thrust on her for political purposes she has always discharged with modesty and grace. The real reason for the lopsided agenda of the Conference is to be found elsewhere: in the takeover of the whole program by the conservation group, to the almost complete exclusion of the environmental design professions and the social sciences.

Conservationists' Heyday

The leader of the Conference was Laurance Rockefeller, vice chairman of the Conservation Foundation and long identified with conservation and outdoor recreation causes. Two members of the Foundation Board were his assistants, and the rest of the Board turned out, almost to a man. Nature Conservancy had its representatives, so did the Audubon Society, the Sierra Club, the International Shade Tree Conference, the Anti-Litter Committee of the Izaak Walton League of America, and many more. There were also, it is true, representatives of outdoor advertising interests, oil interests, scrap iron interests, even of gravel interests, so the invitations seem to have been sent out with impartiality if not with discretion. But judging by the verbatim reports in *Beauty for America*, it was the conservationists and their sympathizers who did most of the talking. Had it not been for the occasional interjection of a more realistic point of view by a landscape architect or a planner, the sessions would have been monotonous indeed.

As it was, they served to reveal the conservationist approach not only to landscape problems but to social problems. The focus was almost exclusively on the preservation of unspoiled nature. The beautification drive might well have started in the slums; it might have started in Appalachia; it might have started simultaneously in a hundred unsightly factory towns. Instead it started with the President sending to Congress four bills to "help make our nation's highways sources of pleasure and sources of recreation."

How does one go about such an undertaking? The past offers little guidance; the modern highway has long since ceased to be a congenial setting for pleasure and recreation. Traffic is now heavy and fast, and it travels greater distances than it did a generation ago. Mr. Bement's "ulcerous little huts," far from withering under his disapproval, have spawned a whole new breed of highway-oriented structures—drive-ins, motels, superservice stations, supermarkets, discount houses, night clubs, all of them large, expensive and conspicuous. A force part economic, part social, has drawn an enormous variety of establishments to the roadside: churches, schools, factories, subdivisions, trailer courts, junkyards all crowd the margins of our highways and add to the traffic. Along with these hazards are the proliferating traffic lights, directional signs, billboards, neon advertisements, stripes and medians and interchanges. The highway has become the symbol of a complex and undisciplined society. No wonder there is clamor for its reform.

In its own way, the Conference offered suggestions. But since few of the participants had any awareness of the social and economic functions of the modern highway, particularly the urban highway, the recommendations had limited value. They were those which have long been popular among conservationists and protectors of scenic amenities: the complete elimination of outdoor advertising, auto junkyards, overhead power lines and ugly borrow pits; the suppression when possible of all roadside businesses, or at least their concealment; the provision of rest areas, recreation areas, scenic areas along the right-of-way; a more sensitive alignment of highways to protect features of natural beauty or to reveal them to better advantage; more imaginative landscaping and a policy of acquiring scenic easements. These improvements may or may not be suitable to every highway, but they were gone into in some detail. Several participants recommended "sign parks" as substitutes for billboards. Sign parks are discreet off-the-road directories of local businesses and organizations that the motorist presumably gets out of his car to study. The location and the graphics of this miniature display were to be rigidly controlled by a competent local committee. Another participant listed by name the wildflowers to be planted in the margins and offered to help find a specialty seedsman. Senator Nelson of Wisconsin found it "tragic" that all business enterprises on interchanges had not been outlawed. Other participants urged federal legislation to support the family farm because it produces a prettier, more varied landscape as seen from the road. General indignation was expressed that highways often invaded parks and recreation areas; but no mention was made of what happens when a highway cuts a community or a neighborhood in two. The ultimate form the beautified highway was to take was lyrically described by the President of the Conservation Foundation: "Let us suppose," he said in a recent public address, "that instead of rights-of-way measured in hundreds of feet, they became measured, where practical, in thousands of feet . . . Let us suppose that in addition to the service areas . . . similar areas were provided for the seeker after outdoor recreation and natural beauty. Let us suppose further that highways were paralleled with systems of footpaths, bicycle paths and even bridle paths, with trails to natural features, with picnic grounds and even camp sites—instead of highways representing technology at war with nature, they would become cores or ribbons of green that might comprise an Interstate System of Outdoor Areas . . . a creative marriage of technology and ecology." His comment on the proposal was: "The possibilities of such a program stagger the imagination."

Traffic Only 10% Tourist

They do indeed, for they imply a bridle path (for instance) between Chicago and Gary, Indiana; a bicycle trail and a ribbon of green across the Mohave Desert.

It should go without saying that this sort of landscaped highway, well integrated with the natural setting

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and designed to please the motorist, would be an agreeable experience to almost everyone. Those that already exist—principally in the metropolitan suburbs—are remarkable if somewhat belated specimens of Romantic design. Carefully isolated by a wall of greenery from the workaday world, isolated too from any competitive relationship with fellow motorists by the trickily planted median, the fortunate traveler drives through miles and miles of landscaped nature until he reaches his holiday destination—a wilderness lake, a forest retreat, a National Park. Just as Rousseau found the most exquisite experience of nature floating in a boat on a calm lake, the modern Romantic delights in effortless, uninterrupted solitary movement over a sinuous highway half buried in foliage or interspersed with sublime views, depending on the part of the country he is in. As one of the Conference participants put it, "A scenic road is not a road, it is a corridor. That corridor is like, to me, a cruise ship. Once that ship is filled, once the road is filled with the number of cars that will travel comfortably on it, it should be cut off."

However we may characterize this taste for non-human scenery and total detachment from the world with no particular spiritual end in view, we grant it the right to exist, and the right to its own kind of scenic vacation highway, if the economy can afford it. But the point is, *all* these proposals for highway beautification are meant for *all* highways. For as more than one participant pointed out, we will not be able to build *exclusively* scenic tourist highways until we have completed the present program.

It has been estimated that not more than 10 per cent of the annual traffic on our highways is tourist traffic. The other 90 per cent is made up of truck drivers, salesmen, farmers, commuters, family shoppers, students and so on: a heterogeneous public, but one that we have reason to know and understand; for it is ourselves in our everyday, non-tourist guise.

It should not be too hard, then, to devise means of beautifying some highways with this more familiar identity of ours in mind; and we should not be ashamed to admit that our everyday tastes are different from those we display on our vacation. Some of them are easy to satisfy, and they *are* satisfied, it should be noted, on many of our highways already. We all of us want a highway which takes us to our work destination as fast, as safely and as agreeably as possible. And in addition to this we want a highway which is clearly defined as such; there should be no mistaking its margins or its lanes or its overall direction. It need not be as straight as a bowling alley, but capricious meanders, dips and curves, however delightful to the tourist, have no place here. What counts is getting to the destination, and not the experience of the road. Even an alley of closely spaced billboards can serve us better in the long run than an artful series of tangential glimpses of the remoter scenery when it is a matter of estimating our progress and controlling our speed.

If we are traveling by ourselves we will want opportunities to stop; if not to admire the view then to enjoy brief human contacts. So roadside places of business, however out of keeping with the holiday route, belong on the highway to work. But above all, we want to be aware of cars going in the opposite direction; to compete with, to speculate about, to recognize. They tell us much about the time of day, the weather, the condition of the road and its traffic further ahead. Too wide a median can deprive us of this experience. For what we never cease to need on this kind of journey is reassurance that we are *not* cut off from the rest of the world.

Reminders of man and his works should in consequence be numerous. The workaday highway is the place for monuments. If there is landscaping it should be formal; if there are light poles and markers they should be massive, creating a perspective and indicating the road ahead.

If there are billboards—and there are likely to be billboards for many years to come—they should be so designed and so spaced that we read them willingly. The extent of the outdoor advertising problem can hardly be exaggerated, though the Roadside Councils have tried their best to do so. Billboards will probably vanish from many scenic stretches of road, thanks to the vigorous fight of the conservationists; as it is they are far less common in rural areas than many of us suppose. They will be slow to disappear on the outskirts of cities and towns and the best that we can hope for is that the operators eventually learn the art of locating them not only in terms of the advertiser but in terms of the traveler's response. Much is being done in this matter, and it may not be long before we see radical changes in structure and design—sign towers located at intersections will replace the scattering of individual signs. And to many solitary travelers there is one thing in favor of billboards: they are better than nothing. Any communication, however ugly and corrupt, is better than no communication at all.

It is this emphasis on communication which distinguishes the working highway from the tourist highway; the tourist highway is essentially an escape route from society, whereas the working highway is at present essentially a communication jungle. Engineers have made an art of designing for that aspect of communication which means moving from place to place; but no one has even tried to coordinate those communications which mean messages exchanged; with the result that our highway marginal developments are a chaos of frustration and unintelligibility. All that we see as we pass through is a welter of billboards, neon signs, promotional architecture, cars and commercial displays; yet all these things represent an urgency to communicate, a reaching out for others. It is the same urgency which draws men to the highway and the highway strip—a need to convey some message as to their role and

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identity to a seemingly indifferent world. Their cars, their manner of driving their cars, are part of this attempt to communicate. Whatever the highway was a generation ago, and whatever the White House Conference would like it to be in the future, it is today an impressive and saddening display of the wide need for areas of socialization. It has become the favorite resort for the young, the idle, the lonely; and what makes it attractive is that so far it imposes no particular code of conduct on the individual. On the contrary, it is the individual in his car who uses the highway environment to establish his identity in the eyes of others. The fascination which this whole area exerts not only on the young and footloose but also on artists and students of pop culture should alert us to its potential qualities. At present these are for the most part effectively hidden. Nevertheless it is only when we try to see the modern highway and its marginal developments as essential ingredients in the landscape that we will know how to reform it effectively.

It is a commonplace to say that a landscape is the expression of the society which created it, that it reveals much about its inhabitants and their culture. The conservationists will tell us that the landscape reflects our relationship with the natural environment and its resources, and that it can only be beautiful when that relationship is harmonious. There is truth in the assertion, but not the whole truth. A society aspires to and often achieves a measure of harmony in one of several different relationships: that between man and man or between man and his work or between man and whatever he thinks of as a higher power. These relationships too can be reflected in the landscape, and when they are we acknowledge the presence of beauty, even though it is not the beauty of unspoiled nature.

For there are many kinds of landscape beauty, and each culture has its own. To the Classic mind a harmonious landscape was one which reflected a hierarchical social order; it was the handiwork of wise rulers, brave patriots, industrious craftsmen and peasants. The nineteenth century evolved a criterion of its own: a landscape was beautiful when it was ecologically healthy; when there was balance between nature and the works of man, whatever the social institutions and social relationships might be. It is this latter point of view, elaborated in terms of city planning, architecture and the exploitation of natural resources, which still prevails among the conservationists whenever they venture into the unfamiliar field of landscape planning.

Now still another definition seems to be evolving; it maintains that a landscape is beautiful when it offers freedom and a community of experience. It rejects the notion of a predetermined, permanent environment, whether social or ecological, in which each of us must find his appropriate place. No longer does the environment determine our actions and impose an identity; it is we who use the environment as a tool to help us form our own identity. Our address, our house, our car are deliberately chosen with this function in mind; our place of business is conceived of as an advertisement, an architectural extension of ourselves. Our outdoor recreation, particularly among the young, is less and less a going back to nature, a surrender to the influence of place, and more and more a use of the natural landscape for sharpening our self-awareness by means of hazardous sports. But we need to share these experiences; we need competitors and spectators and arbiters, and that is why everywhere on our landscape there are new public gathering places, places of interpersonal communication: recreation areas, country clubs, empty lots, highways and drive-in establishments along the highways all serve this social purpose.

A landscape devoted to freedom and community of experience is an abstraction. What it means in reality is something far less exalted: a landscape much more democratic, much more strident, much less varied than the one we have now. The problem of preserving areas of natural beauty intact will become harder to solve, and the solitary experience of nature less obtainable. But the new landscape is on its way, and it merely remains to be seen whether we have foresight and imagination enough to help it achieve its own kind of beauty.

GOOD TIMES COMIN'

The things that haven't been done before, / Those are the things to try. — *Edgar A. Guest*

Gonna cancel givin' money
To the friendly man at Chase;
When collectors come to dun me,
Gonna make a funny face.
If a tummy ache attacks me,
Medicare will take control;
If the corporation sacks me,
I'll do *better*—on the dole.
Gonna test the current market;
Gonna buy a Jag on time!
(Got a tendency to park it
Without shellin' out the dime.)
Once the government starts givin' . . .
Once I'm sittin' on my duff,
There's a heap o' fancy livin'
I'll be puttin' on the cuff.

W. H. von DREELE

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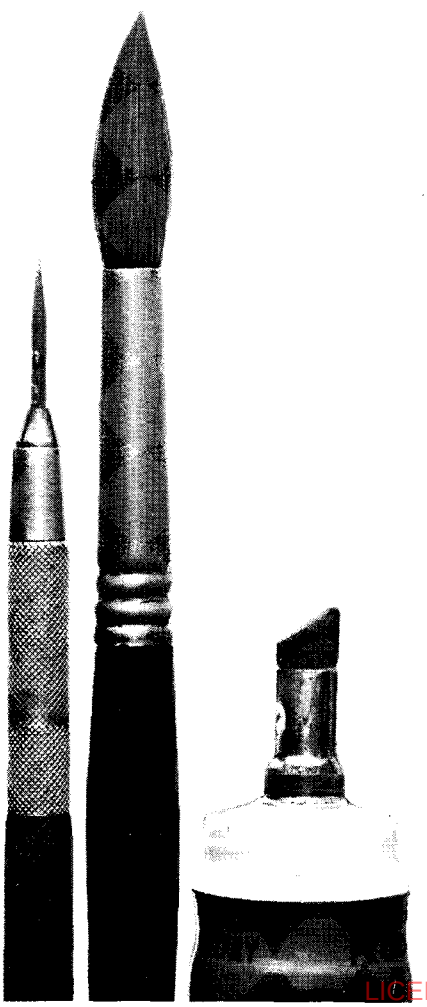
The O'Bryan Revolution

The evolution of a magazine cover. Eleven years, from austerity to cover art, under the direction of award-winning James O'Bryan, NR's art director. At the beginning the magazine bore "the stigmata of the opinion journal." The last issue (Nov. 15) was a "process cover"—beloved of newsstand buyers. And advertisers.



This page and the following three tell something of the change in a magazine cover over a period of years when the circulation of NR went from about ten thousand to about 100,000. Even at the beginning, we insisted on a modest use of color – roughly the same blue border you now see. In 1962, the age of O'Bryan began, and the covers began first with a demure little furbelow (see next page), graduating to the full use of color.

Jim O'Bryan was born in Cuba, still speaks Spanish like a native, married a beautiful Greek wife, has two children, and lives in Pelham Manor, New York. He has won nine major awards during the last ten years for his creative art work, beginning in 1955 with a first prize from *Editor and Publisher*, and most recently including, in 1965, two awards from Mead Paper's "Show of Shows."

The procedure, as irreverently described in NR's 10th Anniversary Issue: "Cover conferences are attended by Bill and Priscilla Buckley for editorial content, Jim McFadden wearing his Promotion Hat, and Jimmy O'Bryan, the soft-spoken, agreeable genius. The conferences go something like this. 'What the hell have we got for the next issue?' asks Buckley (W.). 'Beats me,' says Buckley (P.), who has just this minute finished reading the final galleys of editorials for the current issue and has not yet shifted into forward gear. 'Whatever it is, I hope it has more pizzazz than last week's lead,' says the always intimidated (sarcasm) McFadden. O'Bryan smiles. The manuscript file is shuffled; what will be in the news two weeks hence is discussed; as often as not a quick call put in to an author to check on an overdue manuscript or to commission a timely piece. There's a brief go 'round on the formulation of the cover titles, on whether they should, this once, have some relationship to the articles themselves, and finally the tactical decision: Should they be in black or in color (the black plate can be changed as late as the Monday before the Magazine goes to press; color plates must be finished a week earlier). WFB starts to doodle on a yellow sheet of copy paper. O'Bryan watches stoically. His fingers start to twitch. He reaches over unobtrusively for some paper and starts softly to block in the cover as he sees it. WFB, utterly unconscious of the damage his attempts at draughtsmanship are doing to O'Bryan's artistically attuned psyche, pushes over his red-inked scrawl, shoves back his chair with a 'Well, I guess that's got it,' and the meeting is over. The cover, when completed, has not the slightest resemblance to the editor's doodle, as a growing newsstand readership attests . . . " □

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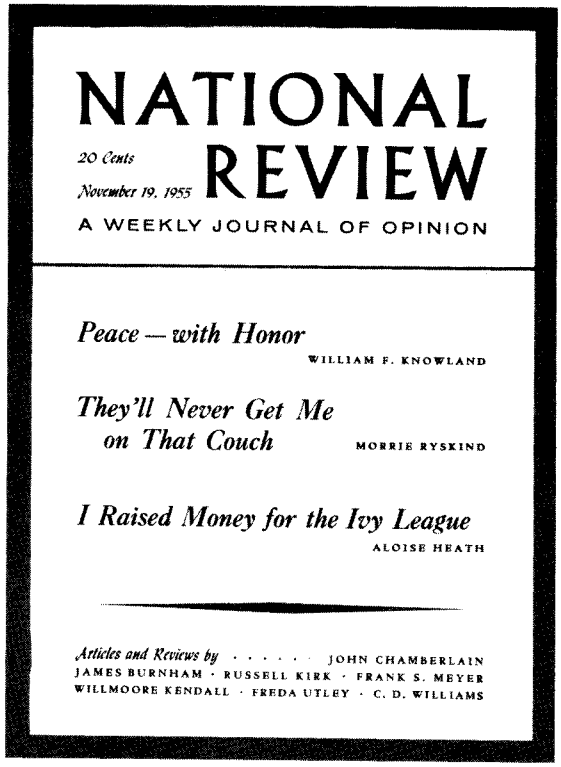
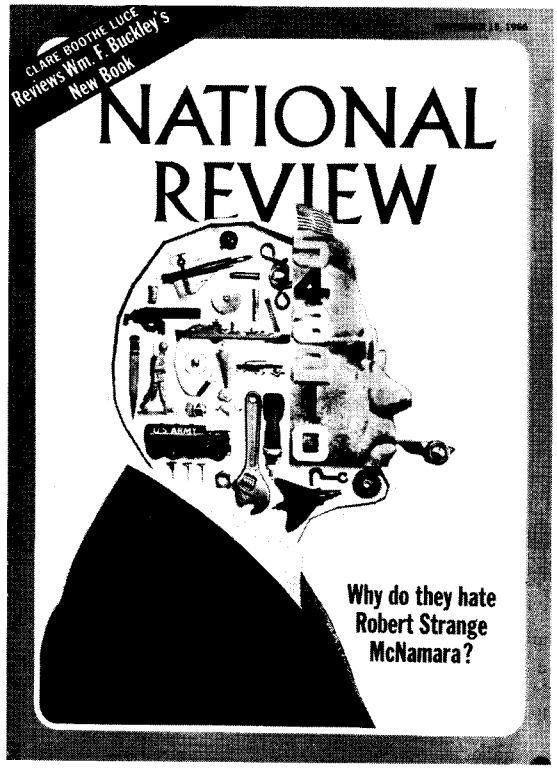
READY TO GO *after conference (left to right), Art Director Jim O'Bryan waits impatiently for Editor Bill Buckley's cover "rough" while Managing Editor Priscilla Buckley looks relieved and Assistant Publisher Jim McFadden studies it for some clue to sales potential.*


NATIONAL REVIEW
20 Cents
November 19, 1955
A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION
Peace — with Honor
WILLIAM F. KNOWLAND
They'll Never Get Me on That Couch
MORRIE RYSKIND
I Raised Money for the Ivy League
ALOISE HEATH
Articles and Reviews by . . . . . JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
JAMES BURNHAM · RUSSELL KIRK · FRANK S. MEYER
WILLMOORE KENDALL · FREDA UTLEY · C. D. WILLIAMS

The first NR cover (November 19, 1955). Many charter readers fondly remember its austere elegance and peacock-blue border. Throughout the early years, this "menu" style cover was the standard.



Eleven years later (November 15, 1966), the cover has little resemblance to the original. The requirements of four-color printing even changed the shade of blue in the border.

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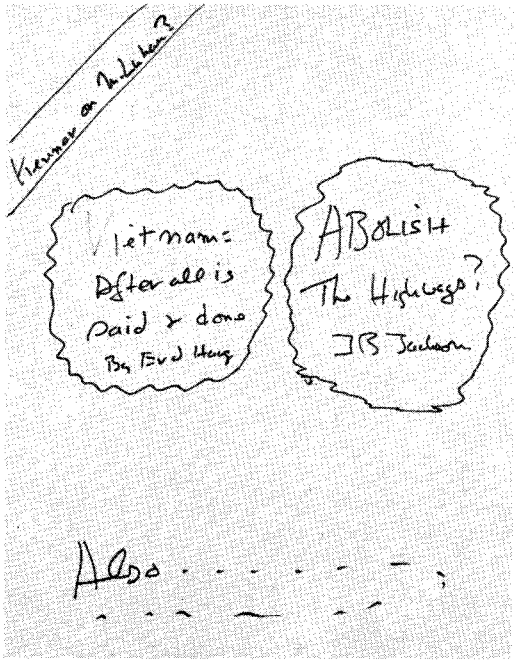
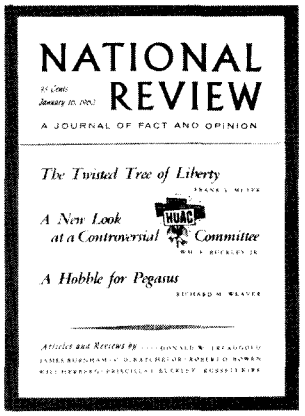
The Evolution of a Cover...

The metamorphosis of the cover, from the Editor's original to O'Bryan's creative rendering . . .

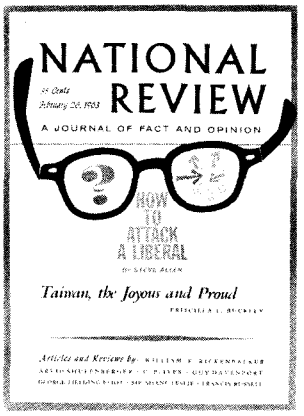


A typical WFB cover layout

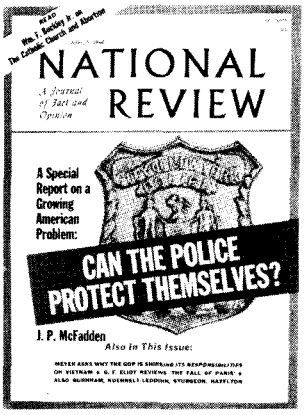
"Let's have a little furbelow on the covers," said WFB. Slowly but surely . . .


NATIONAL REVIEW
A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION
The Twisted Tree of Liberty
A New Look at a Controversial HUAC Committee
A Hobble for Pegasus

The first "furbelow" (Jan. 16, 1962) was a neat little decoration that scarcely altered the original design.

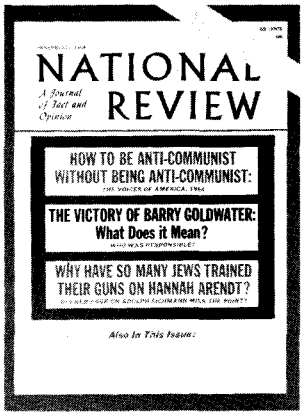


A year later (Feb. 26, 1963), the little furbelows were edging out the old-style headlines, and even crowding the logo.

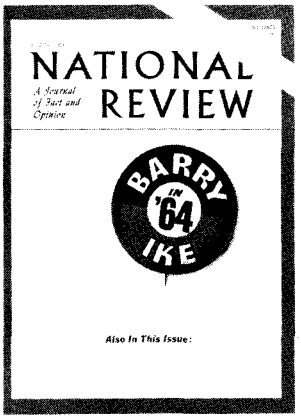

NATIONAL REVIEW
A Special Report on a Growing American Problem:
CAN THE POLICE PROTECT THEMSELVES?
J. P. McFadden
Also In This Issue:

The last of the covers (April 5, 1966) to carry the "Journal of Fact and Opinion" banner (and the off-center "Review").

THE COVERS YOU NEVER SAW...


NATIONAL REVIEW
HOW TO BE ANTI-COMMUNIST WITHOUT BEING ANTI-COMMUNIST:
THE VICTORY OF BARRY GOLDWATER: What Does it Mean?
WHY HAVE SO MANY JEWS TRAINED THEIR GUNS ON HANNAH ARENDT?
Also In This Issue:

Goldwater victory cover was plated and sat forlornly alongside press while "The Defeat of Barry Goldwater" ran.



"Ike and Barry" cover prepared before editors decided against pressing their ticket on the Republican convention.

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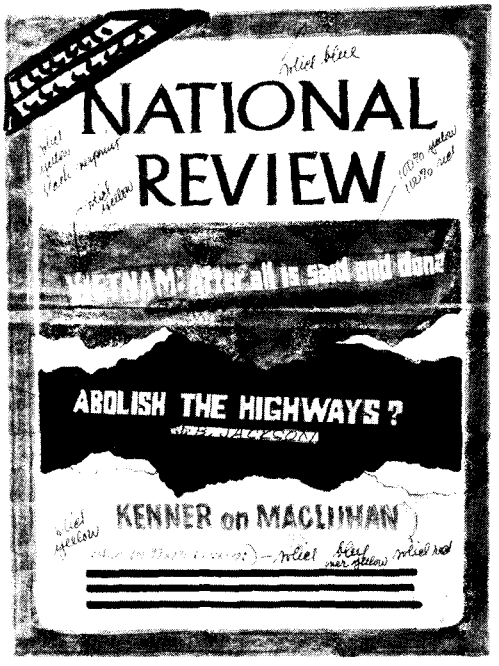
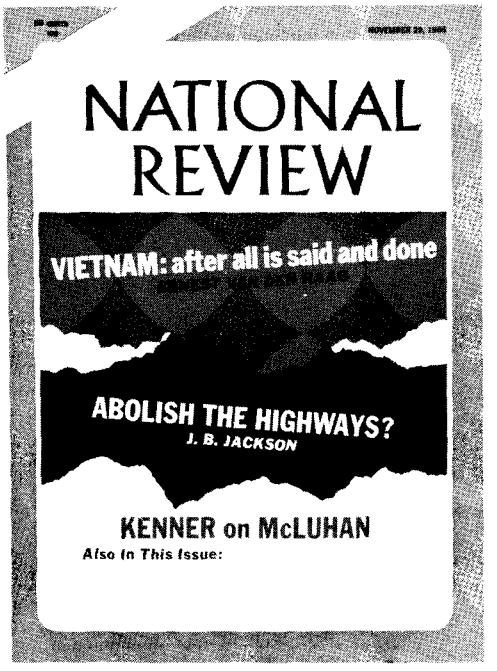
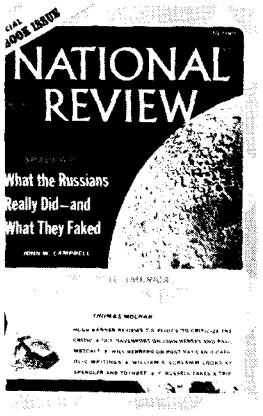


After alchemy by O'Bryan



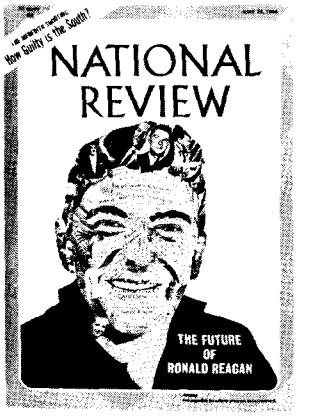
Color proof *(black titles missing)*



e first of the new (May 3, 6): National Review er, border rounded, and—itably?—art dominates whole.

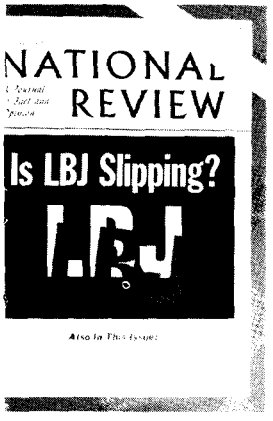
Sometimes strange visions and sudden aperçus design the covers...

A loaf of French bread that reminded everybody of an imperious profile.

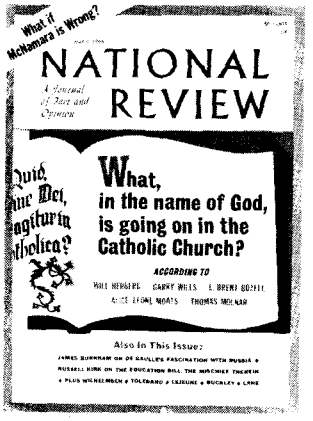


Newspaper articles were used by O'Bryan to sculpt Ronald Reagan's portrait in print

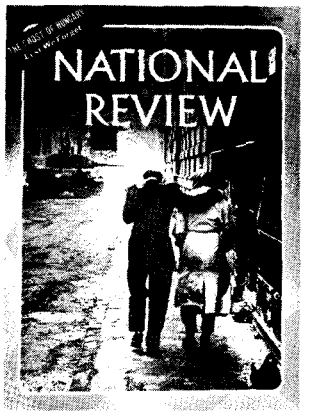
'COVERS TO REMEMBER FOR A LONG TIME' DEPARTMENT:



cover that should have stopped right here: ir proof of misleadingly titled campaign er (Oct. 20, 1964)—there was still time to it. Answer to cover, given a few weeks r: No.



The "What do you people think you're doing?" cover: one of the most eyecatching and controversial covers in NR history. A sell-out on many newsstands. The Latin was last-minute addition.



The cover you saw only in NR: National Review was the only major American magazine to give full-scale treatment to the 10th Anniversary of the Hungarian Revolt.

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Special Report

Communist Grab for African Unions

L. M. TAUBINGER

African labor unions have been a prime Communist target, and the resulting political battles have thus far prevented them from being effective coordinators of Africa's continental labor force. Since the anti-Communist coup in Ghana, however, Communist elements have lost much of their backing. The way is opening for a politically moderate (and therefore more economically effective) pan-African trade union.

Africa has two great trade union alliances uniting the many regional organizations on the continent. The All-African Trade Union Federation (AATUF), which opened shop in 1961 was sponsored chiefly by Ghana, Guinea, and the United Arab Republic. It was the first attempt to form a pan-African union based on common principles. But AATUF immediately lost support of trade unions in East Africa, Tunisia, and Nigeria by insisting that all members disaffiliate themselves from international union bodies ("imperialist influences"). These other unions got together in 1962 and formed the African Trade Union Confederation (ATUC) which shared AATUF's pan-African concept but allowed members to have other international affiliations as well. ATUC itself had no such affiliations.

It was not long before the political battle line was drawn between the two groups. AATUF was under heavy Communist influence; ATUC was not. AATUF, while not allowing its members to have international affiliations, was itself affiliated with international organizations — principally Communist ones. Because of this political battle, African governments and employers are wary of unions and will be for a long time.

Communist influence in AATUF was not hard to spot. Instrumental in its formation was Abdoulaye Diallo (Guinea), former vice president of the Communist World Federation of Trade Unions (WFTU). At least three members of the original AATUF executive council were closely connected with WFTU: Seydou Diallo (Guinea), Wahab Goodluck (Nigeria), and Abdoulaye Gueye (Senegal). AATUF claimed to be financed solely by member organizations, but it was generally accepted that the Communists and WFTU financed it. More than a third of AATUF's annual income was supplied by Ghana.

By the AATUF's second congress in June 1964, Communist penetration had increased considerably. Of the newly elected vice presidents, Goodluck, Kaba Mamady (Guinea), Mamadou Sissoko (Mali), and Thauley Ganga (Congo-Brazzaville) had WFTU connections. The new treasurer, Lazare Coulibaly (Mali), was a former committee member of a WFTU trade department.

Nkrumah's Ghana played a leading role in AATUF from the beginning. The organization's headquarters were in Accra, capital of Ghana. AATUF's secretary-general, John Tettegah, was also a Ghanaian. Nkrumah, whose aim was to see Ghana leading the rest of the continent toward revolutionary socialism with himself as its head, regularly used AATUF to interfere with the internal affairs of other African states. Nkrumah also tried to persuade the Organization for African Unity (OAU) and the International Labor Organization (ILO) to recognize AATUF as the only pan-African union confederation, cutting out the more moderate ATUC.

Communist Influence

Last January, AATUF officials were so incautious as to hold a high-level conference with WFTU officials, openly demonstrating their close ties and raising the prospect of a future pan-African alliance wide open to Communist influence.

Following the Ghanaian anti-Communist coup last February, AATUF President Mahjoub Ben Seddik strongly condemned Nkrumah's ouster and reaffirmed AATUF opposition to foreign influences, again referred to as "imperialist" influences. There was some dispute, however. Tettegah declared, after Seddik's statement, that "it was regrettable that some members of the Executive Bureau of the AATUF should take a hostile attitude toward the truly national revolution of the Ghanaian people." Tettegah had been in Accra during the coup, Seddik had not. Seddik and other officials finally went to Accra to see for themselves the results of the revolution. Apparently Tettegah was able to convince them of the rightness of his position. They emerged whistling a different tune. Said Seddik: "The AATUF reaffirms her solidarity with the workers and people of Ghana. We assure you of the solidarity of all African workers."

Then came an extraordinary development. Tettegah changed *his* mind. In his speech at the AATUF Executive Bureau meeting last April in Dar-es-Salaam, he was very hostile to the new regime in Accra. He hewed close to the line: "Some of the governments taken over by military regimes were purely reactionary and anti-popular despite their efforts to convince the people." He called on members of AATUF and on all African workers to safeguard the independence of trade unions against "counter-revolutionary governments and wage war against distortion of the popular will."

At the same meeting, Kamaliza, the Tanzanian Minister of Labor and Secretary-General of the Tanganyika African National Union, spoke against military coups in general. He is pressing for AATUF to move its headquarters to Dar-es-Salaam (capital of Tanzania).

Should AATUF move its headquarters to Dar-es-Salaam, I think the Federation will take on a very different aspect. It might collapse altogether, as many unionists hope. While AATUF was based in Ghana under Nkrumah, it was his instrument and was largely supported by him. Now that he is gone and the Communists have been discredited in Ghana, AATUF has lost much financial backing. Once removed to Dar-es-Salaam, it will probably lose its Ghanaian base, which has been its backbone. In such an event, the way would be open for the establishment of a more moderate Pan-African Trades Union as envisaged by OAU.

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Soho

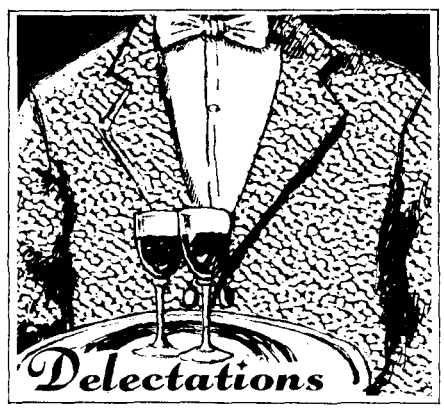
ALEC WAUGH

Not only every Londoner but every man who feels that he has a stake in London, has his special Soho restaurant, where in his opinion you get the best value combined with the most genuine continental atmosphere and which he is reluctant to recommend for fear that it will get "spoilt." Soho is unique. Bounded on the north by Oxford Street, on the west by Regent Street, on the south by Coventry Street, on the east by the Charing Cross and Tottenham Court Roads and cut across by Shaftesbury Avenue, it is, wrote Galsworthy, "untidy, full of Greeks, Israelites, cats, Italians, tomatoes, restaurants, organs, colored stuffs, queer names, people looking out of upper windows, [and] dwells apart from the British Body Politic."

Gilbert Cannan, that bright, brief flame of the 1910 decade, described it as "a vibrant nondescript region where innumerable streams of vitality met and fused or clashed together to make a froth and a spume . . . chaotic and rawly alive, compounded of elements that knew no tradition or had escaped from it." For those very reasons it has a peculiar fascination for an island race that longs to "get abroad."

Coming into existence at the end of the seventeenth century, it has always appealed to the unfortunate and to the misfit. A Greek colony from Melos is responsible for the name Greek Street. The ill-starred Duke of Monmouth, because he had a house in Soho Square, chose "Soho" as his watchword for the battle of Sedgmoor. At No. 43 Gerrard Street flourished in the 1920s and early '30s the nightclub which my brother described in *A Handful of Dust* as the Old Hundredth. "It has not," he wrote, "been immune from persecution; far from it. Times out of number, magistrates have struck it off, cancelled its license, condemned its premises; the staff and proprietor have been constantly in and out of prison; there have been questions and committees of enquiry, but whatever Home Secretaries and Commissioners of Police have risen into eminence and retired discredited, the doors of the Old Hundredth have always been open from nine in the evening until four at night, and inside there has been an unimpeded glow of dubious alcoholic preparations." But No. 43 has another title to remembrance. It bears over its front door, a plaque stating that John Dryden lived there.

Soho is full of literary associations. Shelley lived in Poland Street after he had been sent down from Oxford. Hazlitt died in Frith Street. Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds founded their literary club within its frontiers. It has known many fortunes: once it



was fashionable and the home of foreign embassies. The embassies left; the foreigners remained. At the end of the nineteenth century when Londoners began to acquire the restaurant habit, it was here that novelists sent their lovers, in particular their illicit lovers who maintained the illusion that there they would not be recognized or if they were, it would be by couples who also wanted to escape detection. Compton Mackenzie wrote:

My dear, what dinners we have had,
What cigarettes and wine,
In faded corners of Soho,
Your fingers touching mine.

A number of restaurants had private rooms—*salons particuliers*—on the Paris model. There was a definite emotional titillation about their ritual —the glimpse of the main restaurant over the waiter's shoulder as he drew aside a curtain and pointed you up a flight of stairs. Married couples often used them, to get a kick out of being mistaken for what they weren't —as in Maupassant's *Imprudence.*

Soho's restaurants are far from being cheap. Max Beerbohm once wrote that when you dine at the Ritz the bill is always less than you expect, but in Soho it is always more; presumably because in the West End, if you order prudently you will find yourself presented with a reasonable *prix fixe* charge, whereas in Soho you order *à la carte.* But in recompense Soho has an intimacy that you rarely get in a big restaurant. The rooms are so small that you feel you are dining in your own house. You establish with the headwaiter a relationship such as would exist between you and your butler, if you had a butler. A personal interest appears to be taken in the preparation of each dish. The owner gossips at your table afterwards: quite often he orders a cordial "on the house"—such a relationship as can be easily built up in New York, in a small restaurant. In fact Soho is not unlike a collection of all the small restaurants that are scattered over the expanse of Manhattan concentrated within an area of one square mile.

During the last ten years Soho has made the headlines a regrettable number of times in connection with its gangsters, its prostitutes, its protection rackets, its cabarets, its striptease shows. The other evening after the theater, I strolled through its once-so-familiar streets. I might have been in Tokyo, in the Ginza. Neon lights were flashing; the pavements were crowded with Africans and Indians. Every alley beckoned to furtive entertainment. I was glad to find myself in the relative calm of Leicester Square. But when I retraced my steps the following morning, I could not feel that over fifty years had passed since I walked there first.

These were changes admittedly. Wardour Street completely and Golden Square partially have been taken over by the film industry. There are new tall buildings; but there was the same general continental atmosphere. Now without the neon lights I could appreciate the dignified rectangular outlines of its Georgian streets. There were the same names over the restaurants. I paused outside the Isola Bella. It had acquired a new and

(Continued on p. 1237)

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Understanding McLuhan

HUGH KENNER

Marshall McLuhan's name flies about these days the way "Technocracy" did in the Thirties: a picture story in *Life;* status as resident sage in the files from which they confect the *Time* Essay; random allusions in the columns of every journal one picks up, from NATIONAL REVIEW to the *National Catholic Reporter,* not to mention *Encounter, Popular Photography,* and the *Times Lit. Sup.* A season ago one of the better-heeled monthlies was phoning about offering a grand or so to the lean hungry free-lancer who'd tool a few thousand words to go under the title, "Against McLuhan." And I've forgotten which magazine writer, reaching for a handy simile, said that to broach a simple topic with so-and-so was "like talking to Marshall McLuhan about the weather": he's achieved eponymous status, like Dr. Fell and Dr. Pangloss and Dr. Einstein. I've even come across his name, misspelled, in a popular novel.

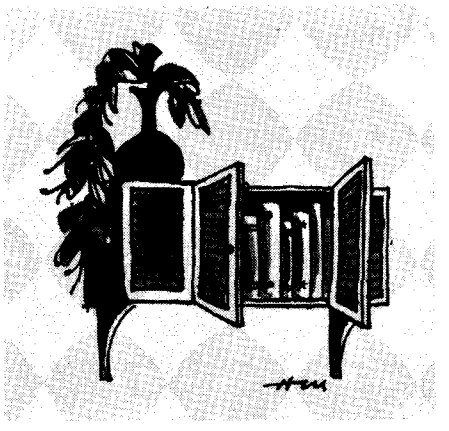
In all of which he resembles the fly that has gotten into the movie projector and overlays, in silhouette, random scenes. For it's understood (1) that no one has, *really,* dug him; (2) that he's nonetheless "in"; (3) that "the medium is the message," and if you don't understand that you are to keep quiet until you'll say that you do.

As one of his oldest—ah—fans (we met in 1946, when I was about to take over the teaching job he'd taken over from Wyndham Lewis) I'm willing to claim (1) that I dig him; (2) that he's perhaps the best commentator on his own in-ness; (3) that the medium ain't the message, and if you don't understand that keep quiet till you've been led through Basic McLuhan as follows:

The initial principle is that there are three McLuhans. The first is a genius. The second is a gear-stripper, who tends to believe that what the first tells him is an adequate Ersatz reality. The third is what you imagine the Delphic Oracle must have been like, when you survey the ruins of Greece: a dealer in *appoggiaturas* and *tremolos* that would give the first fits were he not insulated by the machinations of the second.

With these three there cohabits a goblin who unnerves criticism by the paradigmatic force of his routine exercises (performed on every other page) to show that X, the acknowledged expert on Y, has in the larger analysis Missed the Point. It will soon be quite clear that I have Missed the Point, the Whole Point. But I hope to fix a point or two of my own.

To begin with the Genius, whom the *New Yorker* some years back sought to locate by calling him the first Pop Philosopher. He is. Like Andy Warhol, whose works we don't need to see to appreciate their point, McLuhan is the writer his public doesn't need to read. (The same was true of Newton.) He's carved out a topic (he says, The Topic) virtually by naming it—Media. (One secret of genius is timing; Media were ready to be discovered, just as gravitation was.) Once we'd heard that he'd pointed it out, we could understand at once, without reading him, that TV wasn't just a different way of



seeing movies, but a different experience, shaping the movie it shows: gregarious, tight, low-definition, casual: as against tranced, alone-in-a-crowd immersion.

Nor are film and book optional ways of giving us *David Copperfield,* film's discrepancies attributable merely to Hollywood tastelessness. Attempts to translate from print to a mass medium tend to ignore the fact that print is itself a medium, and a mass medium (the printed book was the first mass-produced artifact). Print, encountered in silence and solitude, isn't speech; nor, perfectly uniform in its thousands of identical copies, is it writing. It's a freezer and standardizer of language. (McLuhan's former pupil, Walter J. Ong, S.J., has given these insights two decades of patient attention.)

THUS (and much more) McLuhan No. 1, the genius who tells us things we were just ripe to hear, as we know from the fact that we understand them as soon as told. To him enter McLuhan No. 2, whose material is not the substantial intricate world but the insights of McL. No. 1. McL. 2 extrapolates from "this book is the content of this film" to things like "The content of any medium is always another medium. The content of writing is speech, just as the written word is the content of print, and print is the content of the telegraph." (All references are to the McGraw-Hill editions of *Understanding Media.* That one's on page 9.)

Forget about content then, which is an infinite regress, and look at the medium before you. What is the message of movies? The fact that there are movies, with all that *that* entails. And of books? The fact that there are books. And *this* book, called *The Dialogues of Plato,* whose content is writing whose content is speech whose content is thought whose content is the central nervous system, places before our hypnotized eyes yet one more sequence of uniform pages stamped with uniform lines made out of permuted uniform symbols; and all copies of this book are

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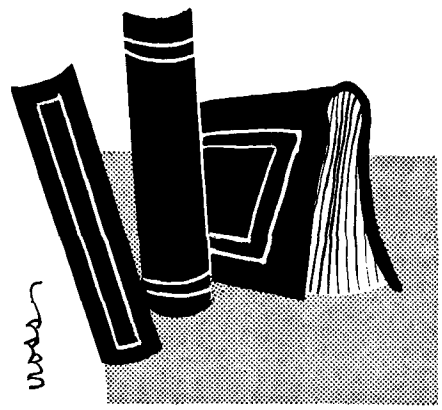
alike, so that an entire freshman class can turn to page 29, line 3, third word; and this fact, which is the message of the medium, is more important than any thought of Plato's.

And before we have a chance to protest that surely Plato counts for something, McLuhan 2 plunges on to enumerate more media than we had thought possible. Railway is a medium, creating new environments, new kinds of cities, in ways "quite independent of the freight or content of the railway medium." (Ignore the content, remember?) "The airplane, on the other hand, by accelerating the rate of transportation, tends to dissolve the railway form of cities, politics and association, quite independently of what the airplane is used for."

If you think it matters whether airplanes carry people or goldfish keep it to yourself and don't bug No. 2, he's away, away. The wheel is obsolescent (this is the electric age). The electric light is a medium, its content whatever is done in its glow —baseball or brain surgery (forget the content). Its message is the human inter-actions it makes possible. And money is a medium and games are media and clocks are media and— . . . And their message is just the difference they make by existing.

And everything, alas, is something else; and if content is negligible so are facts. Though there's much show of factuality: "One of the most advanced and complicated uses of the wheel occurs in the movie camera. . . . It is significant that this most subtle and complex grouping of wheels should have been invented in order to win a bet that all four feet of a running horse were sometimes off the ground simultaneously. The bet was made between the pioneer photographer Edward Muybridge and the horse-owner Leland Stanford, in 1889. At first, a series of cameras were set up side by side, each to snap an arrested movement of the horse's hooves in action. The movie camera and the projector were evolved from the idea of reconstructing mechanically the movement of feet. The wheel, that began as extended feet, took a great evolutionary step into the movie theater."

Now. Muybridge was an agreeable eccentric who spelled his first name Eadweard. He made no bet with Stanford (do photographers make bets with multimillionaires?). He settled the horse's hooves question working on his own, in 1872. What Stanford did was offer facilities for further research, which was finished by 1879. The wheels, with which Muybridge had nothing to do, were means



of holding and moving the strip of film, which Muybridge didn't invent, and they never moved Muybridge's pictures of horses' feet. We have here quasi-facts, grouped around the word "feet," an earlier postulation that wheels were extensions of feet having made it seem a bright idea for feet to have inspired further wheels. That's No. 2's problem, he likes a bright idea, and insight breeds on insight in a void through which quasi-facts drift like dust motes.

THE POINT is not to be picky about the facts; no one is going to *Understanding Media* for information anyhow. The point is that McLuhan 2 cares very little for facts' gristly specificity; their function is not to feed the mind but, like dust, to make insight visible. *Understanding Media* is mostly filled with bright ideas, which is why readers wonder if they're digging it or not; it's undiggable.

And the void where the insights cross is agitated by the pneuma of McLuhan 3, not the genius nor the gear-stripper but the Oracle. The Oracle keeps conscripting artists into his chorus, telling us for instance that Shakespeare "understood the Forest of Arden as an advance model of the age of automation, when all things are translatable into anything else that is desired." Any especially plangent vaticination turns out to be what Shakespeare or Joyce or somebody "really" meant, artist being a handy label for the frog-man among media (we hear little of works of art).

McLuhan 3 envisages "the golden age as one of complete metamorphoses or translations of nature into human art, that stands ready of access to our electric age." For "The poet Stéphane Mallarmé thought 'the world exists to end in a book.' We are now in a position to go beyond that and transfer the entire show to the memory of a computer." And "if the work of the city is the remaking or translating of man into a more suitable form than his nomadic ancestors achieved, then might not our current translation of our entire lives into the spiritual form of information seem to make of the entire globe, and of the human family, a single consciousness?"

Watch that Teilhardian "spiritual." For explicitly, "We are certainly coming within conceivable range of a world automatically controlled to the point where we could say, 'Six hours less radio in Indonesia next week or there will be a great falling off in literary attention.' Or, 'We can program twenty more hours of TV in South Africa next week to cool down the tribal temperature raised by radio last week.' Whole cultures could now be programmed to keep their emotional climate stable. . . ." This will presumably happen when "the artists move from the ivory tower to the control tower of society," and "the Executive Suites are taken over by the Ph.D.'s." Lawsy, now. *Et quis custodiet?* McLuhan Three?

Understanding Media, a book that immanentizes every eschaton in sight, has moved from McGraw-Hill hardcover ($8.50) to McGraw-Hill paperback ($1.95) to drugstore paperback (95¢), becoming each time a different book though with the same words in it: since format is medium, not packaging. And the medium is the message? Then the message has become that of paperbackery, which is pop eschatology.

And a pity. A brilliant man, a man to whom friends and students owe incalculable debts, a man who has accurately perceived things the implications of which we shall be following up for decades—this man has not only taught us to say, but keeps putting us in the position where we must say, disregard the content, the medium is being spoken through by bad spirits.

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Fiction

History With its Eyes Wide Open

GUY DAVENPORT

The Birds Fall Down, by Rebecca West. Viking, $5.95

The Time of the Angels, by Iris Murdoch. Viking, $5.00

The Mask of Apollo, by Mary Renault. Pantheon, $5.95

SITTING IN THE green little park across from Diocletian's Palace a few summers ago, I remarked to an English lady with whom I was sharing one of those cool melons that keep Balkan food from being an unrelieved demand for strength of character, that Yugoslavia, like Greece, was as transparent to the mind as it was opaque to the eye. Before I could explain why, she said, "Yes, of course. Rebecca West." She, too, had read *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*. Behind her understanding nod was the diligent relentlessness whereby Rebecca West analyzes whatever comes under her gaze until she can lay before the reader a report that astonishes and satisfies. Where our paths have crossed (the trial of the alleged lynchers of Willy Earle, the oratory of Oswald Mosley), I have been able to gauge her preternatural sight for myself. Even when she is tediously thorough, indulging her penchant for digressions that outdigress Laurence Sterne (James Joyce never understood why she combined a long review of *Ulysses* with an account of trying on hats in a Parisian *boutique*), she is still the most painstaking reporter of them all, and the wisest.

And much more. Dame Rebecca West, C.B.E. (born Cicily Isabel Fairfield on Christmas Day 1892, known to the income-tax collector as Mrs. Henry Maxwell Andrews), is apt to be known as the sole member of the world press who witnessed the first attempt on Verwoerd's life, by many who do not know her as Yugoslavia's historian. Or as a literary critic (she wrote the first book on Henry James) by many who do not know her as the biographer of St. Augustine. Or as the foremost student of treason in our time by many who do not know her as a novelist. Who remembers her as an actress? As an Ibsenite? As a captain under Emmeline Pankhurst? As a color sergeant for H. G. Wells? She is obsessed with hats and puts them everywhere in her writing. One sees why.

The novel has always been Rebecca West's ugly duckling. She has written novels since 1918, and readers who appreciated the relevance and force of her other writing assumed that the novels were an overflow of excess genius. But with *The Birds Fall Down* that assumption is no longer tenable. For this novel is not, like Dame Rebecca's others, merely subtle and civilized; it is magnificent.

We see why when we notice how long and patiently it has been germinating. All the attention given to treason is summed up in her portrait of a double agent. The major themes of *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* inform the character of the Russian count. Everything that has ever mattered to Rebecca West comes to a full ripeness in this novel, and the harvest is rich. It is both an amazingly short novel—its action happens in three days—and a very long one, for digressions that would serve another novelist for a trilogy feed into the narrative as naturally as streams into a river. The plot is masterfully engineered. It is constructed like the best of Greek tragedies in its simplicity, and like the best of Dostoevsky in the violence of its cataclysms. The turning point is a surprise equaled only by Dickens in audacity and control; the integrity of the ending has been matched only by Henry James.

But what is it *about*? Therein lies much of the beauty of Rebecca West's art. It is a spy story, one of the best ever written. It is a novel about Edwardian England such as the Edwardians did not themselves write, or read. It is a study of a double agent, working with equal zeal (and treason) for the Czar and the Communists. It is a book about those Russians in high places who knew everything about the Revolution except the danger of its actually happening.

All that Rebecca West has ever written is about those moments in history when everything conceivable has gone wrong. She begins her inspection by asking why and how. The obvious answers, especially the official ones, are the first to go. As Rebecca West likes to show, these answers are part of the calamity, and go under her analysis along with the evidence. In a sense, Rebecca West has never written anything but analyses of things that have gone as wrong as they could go. And has never written anything but novels. For her, they are the same. But not until she wrote *The Birds Fall Down* could we *see* that they are the same.

IRIS MURDOCH'S tenth novel returns to the manner that made her famous. The novel before this one, *The Red and the Green*, was disappointing because someone else might plausibly have written it, but only Iris Murdoch could have written *The Time of the Angels*. As in her best work, she again turns to people who have isolated themselves in what Wallace Stevens called "the greatest poverty" —*The greatest poverty is not to live/ In a physical world, to feel that one's desire/Is too difficult to tell from despair*. As up-to-date as the newspaper, Miss Murdoch gives us an Anglican padre for whom God is stone dead, and surrounds him with an entourage who would, before faith needed atheism to authenticate it, be under his wing: kinfolk, a refugee, a juvenile delinquent, a waif. These he depraves in a singularly nasty way, or neglects heartlessly. Miss Murdoch has always been fascinated by people who exempt themselves from the quotidian and the civilized, and mistake the free scope of uninhibited eccentricity for a solution to the problems we encounter in moral and legal limitations. In her novels they invariably rot, like overwatered plants in a hot-house. Outward, for her, is the only direction. The inward gaze is poisonous. The self is a monster of greed that must be dissolved in the world. This is a timely novel, and many will see caricature in it, and much pertinent wisdom.

Mary Renault continues in *The Mask of Apollo* her brilliant series of novels about ancient Greece (*The Last of the Wine, The Bull from the Sea*). This time she chooses the life of an actor in the Athens of Plato and the Syracuse of Dionysos, the tyrant who twice failed to become Plato's

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philosopher-king. Actors were by trade itinerant and were in the *demimonde* between idealism and politics (so much is certain), so that Mrs. Renault can give us a lively picaresque plot without straining credulity (as she never does). Through an actor's eyes we can see not only the business of the theater, imagined with superb detail, but also the commerce between the students of Plato and the insurrection in Sicily whereby Dion came to the throne for his disillusioning reign.

Mary Renault's genius is her ability to read the dryest and most unappreciated of history books (e.g., Diodorus Siculus, whose last really enthusiastic reader was Milton) and find in them the neglected gold out of which she makes her novels. *Mumble mumble,* goes the professor, and students dream in the classroom of Fort Lauderdale; the same material in Mrs. Renault's hands leaps up human. If it weren't for Shakespeare, would we know any English history? A novel like *Marius the Epicurean* or *The Last Days of Pompeii* withers before Mrs. Renault's sheer unflinching honesty (and never mind her sentimentality, which was doubtless there). She depicts homosexuality for what it was, part pampered immaturity, part evasion, and refuses to be shocked by it. Her Plato is probably the first sensible look at that extraordinary man in a thousand years. Her Aristotle is a skinny botanist, fussy and schoolmarmish. Her Alexander is a spoiled brat.

The Mask of Apollo is a thoroughly well-told novel (charmingly spaced surprises, character-drawing of canny astuteness, a visual imagination of the richest sort); no need to tell anybody that. What's so interesting is Mrs. Renault's rare ability to see how so many things normally known discretely can be combined in a wholly believable context. (Only her narrator is fictional, and not even he if we accept him as a typical actor).

To imagine the past without assuming a posture of dignified seriousness may be, after all, a woman's gift. The invention of a marble Greece was concocted by men when women were not expected to know history and were laughed at when they did. There is both justice and irony in Mrs. Renault's giving us a Greece with its heroes intact but far more visible for existing in a world that is as human as the one we know and one that contained (but who ever heard it in a classroom?) garlic, silliness, mothers, hangovers, co-eds at Plato's academy, and actors who worried if Euripides wasn't over the heads of the country towns they hit on tour.

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What Is Religious Freedom?

WILL HERBERG

WE ARE, APPARENTLY, all in favor of religious liberty; but just what religious liberty is and whence it comes, not many of us seem to know. I am sorry to say that, on the whole, this volume of essays commenting on the celebrated Declaration of Religious Liberty of the Second Vatican Council will not help very much. The nine papers contained in it—four by Roman Catholics, three by Protestants, and two by secularists—tell us something about the authors and their views; but, with some exceptions, they tell us very little that is useful about religious freedom.

Religious Liberty: An End and a Beginning, edited by John Courtney Murray, S.J. Macmillan, $4.95

The only real exception to this criticism is the initial essay by John Courtney Murray. Father Murray gives a brief but illuminating account of what he calls the legislative history of the Declaration. Three major schemata, he tells us, followed each other from the introduction of the first in November 1963 to the adoption of the third in December 1965. The first schema tried to develop a doctrine of religious liberty out of the conception of "freedom of conscience." Every man is obliged to follow his conscience, even when this conscience is objectively wrong: "[the disciples of Christ] are to respect and esteem the right and duty of non-Catholics to follow the dictates of their own conscience, even when, after serious and adequate investigation, it errs in good faith." A mere glance at this formulation is enough to show its points of confusion and its inadequacy as a foundation for religious freedom.

The second schema, in part, continued the same doctrinal line, but added two new considerations—the divine call of man to salvation, and the notion of human dignity. As the *Relatio*, or formal report, put it: "This divine call, which constitutes the highest dignity of the human person, is the nerve, as it were, by which the whole argument is pervaded and strengthened. . . . The foundation of these rights [to religious freedom] consists in the strict obligation to respect human dignity, or to observe the law of God as it is apprehended by the sincerely formed conscience. All this induces in others an obligation not to put obstacles in the way of the free following of God. The freedom within human society and community to follow one's own conscience in religious matters is the highest good proper to every person, and it is, in consequence, a true and strict personal right." The difficulties of such a formulation are even more obvious than those in the first schema, which, in fact, the second schema follows and complicates. Its unsatisfactory character was soon made obvious.

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The third and final schema, whose chief architect was Father Murray himself, takes a very different line. "The first and the second schema," Father Murray notes, "move entirely on the plane of theological and ethical argument." The third schema deploys its arguments on a very different plane—the historical and the juridical. Religious freedom is seen as part of the juridical system of the constitutional limited-power state. "The object of religious freedom as a juridical concept," Father Murray explains, "is not [as in the first and second schemas] the actualization of the positive values inherent in religious belief, profession, and practice. These values, as values, are juridically irrelevant, however great their religious, moral, and social significance. The object of the right [to religious freedom] is simply the assured absence of constraints and restraints of individuals and groups in their efforts to pursue freely the positive values of religion. . . . Religious freedom is a freedom from coercion; it is an immunity; its content is negative. . . ."

This historical-juridical approach of the third schema, and the final Declaration, is clear and straightforward; it effectively escapes the confusions of the first two. Or escapes them almost entirely. I say "almost" because when Father Murray, and the Declaration, come to validate the constitutional state, in terms of which the right of religious freedom is established, they do so by again invoking the concept of "human dignity." "Human dignity," apparently, demands the constitutional state. It would have been better had they taken as their point of departure the Pauline-Augustinian doctrine of the state and shown how it may be extended to validate the constitutional-juridical state. In this latter view, the state is held to be necessary, in part at least, in order to restrain the evildoer, maintain public order, and preserve mankind from the ravages of sinful self-aggrandizement. Men must be restrained by government, or else they will destroy themselves by their own excesses. True; but is not the ruler (prince or assembly) himself a man, a sinful man, needing restraint? This is the entire rationale of constitutional government: "No man, however good and wise, is ever good enough or wise enough to be entrusted with unrestrained power over

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others." In this constitutional-juridical doctrine, with its insistence on the limited-power state, religious freedom can find its firm foundation.

Most of the other essays in this volume have something to say, though not much. The two "secularist" contributors, especially Victor G. Rosenblum, labor very hard to prove that the philosophy behind the Council Declaration in mid-twentieth century is not exactly the same as Jefferson's eighteenth-century philosophy behind his conception of the First Amendment. But they fail to note that Jefferson's philosophy was never enacted part of the U.S. Constitution along with the First Amendment. J. V. Langmead Casserley makes this point abundantly clear in an instructive essay. David Noel Freeman traces, with commendable restraint, the background of religious freedom in the Old Testament. Almost as an aside, he calls attention to a matter of great importance. Religious freedom, he emphasizes, does not, in any sense, deprive a church of the right of employing its own measures (up to excommunication) against its own members who may deviate from the church's creed "beyond minimal and peripheral variations." Neither the Council Declaration nor any other viable concept of religious freedom, protects, or intends to protect, heresy against church sanctions.

There is no point in running through the other essays in this volume. Too many of them are little more than windy rhapsodizing, sheer sentimentality, or wearisome *aggiornamento* rhetoric. Yet the Council Declaration does raise a number of questions hardly touched upon in this volume. I will mention two.

For most Americans, and Europeans too, I should judge, religious freedom is made obviously right by the widespread conviction that religion really makes no difference except to the "inner" life of feeling. Hence such appeals as, "No discrimination on account of race, religion, or national origin," or the one that goes along with the billboard picture of a little boy, slightly dark-skinned, slowly and sadly moving off the field: "What difference does it make what's his color or religion? He can pitch, can't he?"

Now, admitted that color or religion have no relevance to the little boy's prowess as a baseball player, can this notion of indifference be extended indefinitely? There are those who maintain that difference of religion makes absolutely no difference to one's life and behavior; if so, then religion is a nothing indeed. But there are also those who agree with Chesterton's landlady that his religion is just as important a piece of information about a prospective lodger as the state of his bank account. For people like these, something rather different than the notion that all religions are very much the same so far as public life is concerned, is needed to make freedom of religion entirely plausible. The Council Declaration, affected in spite of itself by the current *Zeitgeist,* takes little note of the problem; nor do the essays in this volume.

Then there is the problem of what is meant by the "coercion" that is banned by religion freedom. What is "coercion," and who is forbidden to do the "coercing"? Obviously, the civil authority (the government) is thus inhibited. But who else? The Declaration speaks vaguely of "groups" and "individuals" who are forbidden to do any "coercing"; and even Father Murray refers to "the duty of government *and of society* not to transgress these limits [of religious freedom]" (emphasis mine. —W.H.). What can that mean? If it means simply that individuals or groups may not exert physical force against those of a hated religion (say, Jehovah's Witnesses against Roman Catholics), this is indeed obvious; but it has nothing to do with *religious* freedom: it is simply a matter of maintaining public order. If, on the other hand, it is meant to state that individuals or groups may not attempt to implement their detestation of another religion by employing every means at their command (within the law) to denounce, to "expose," to discredit, or to excite hostile public opinion, it is outrageously false, and a gross violation of basic civil liberties. The *only* one forbidden to "coerce" religion (by force or by any other means) is the civil authority; individuals and groups, while, of course, forbidden to use force, cannot and may not be restrained from employing other means (within the law) to discredit and (if possible) to destroy religions and churches abhorrent to them. This fundamental point is virtually ignored in the Declaration and in these essays.

Nevertheless, despite such shortcomings, which are shortcomings of the Declaration as well, this volume is of outstanding importance if only for Father Murray's essay and two or three others along with it. It impinges on many fields—history, theology and political philosophy; and any one interested in the problem of religious freedom in these contexts will do well to read it with care.

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Bending to the Wind

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

WHEN AN equivocal and shapeless pudding was once put in front of him at the Savoy, Winston Churchill told the waiter: "Pray take away this pudding. It has no theme." Harold Macmillan recalls this incident, in the prologue to his memoirs, as a warning to authors as well as to cooks, and he expatiates on what he considers to be the main themes of the book. But the real theme, which must intrigue any student of contemporary political history, is Macmillan himself.

Winds of Change, 1914-1939, by Harold Macmillan. Harper, $10.00

Perhaps not since Disraeli has Britain had so complex and ambiguous a Prime Minister. His rival, Rab Butler, was notorious for studied ambiguity, but Butler's ambiguities were crude compared with the subtlety of Macmillan's position. Butler's undoing, after all, was that, when the crunch came, he failed to sell himself to the Tory Party: Macmillan succeeded overwhelmingly.

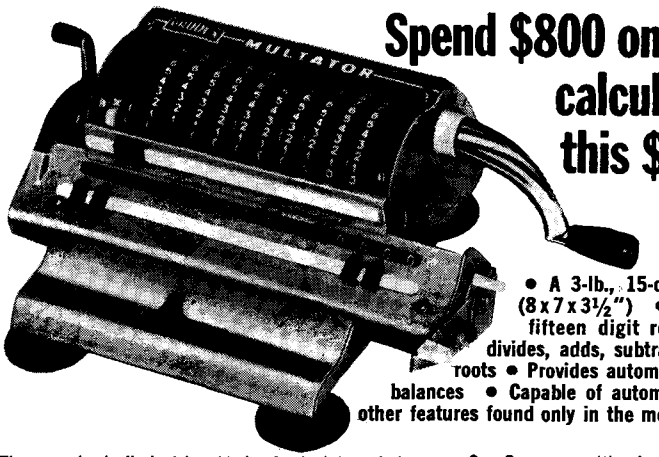
Whether he did more good than harm to his country and to his party remains infinitely debatable. He was partly responsible for the attack on Suez and largely responsible for calling it off halfway through. He pulled the demoralized Conservative Party together afterwards and was the architect of a great election victory in 1959: but in that victory lay the seeds of defeat in 1964. He helped to create an affluent society, but at the price of inflation and collectivism.

Like de Gaulle, he betrayed the very causes most dear to those who brought him to power. In manner and tastes, he appeared to be an old-fashioned right-wing Tory: in fact, he was a decidedly left-wing Tory—and it was the realization of this, combined with the disasters of the Profumo summer, which finally caused a considerable section of his own party to turn on him, thereby committing what his son Maurice inelegantly calls "politicide."

THIS FIRST volume of what is intended to be a three-volume autobiography under the general title, *Winds of Change*, sheds a good deal of indirect light on these paradoxes. The title itself is significant; Macmillan obviously recalls with satisfaction a phrase which some of us consider to have had repercussions unfortunate in the extreme. The "themes" listed in the prologue, which were, he explains, the preoccupations of his time in Downing Street, include summit conferences, nuclear disarmament agreements, and the prevention, at all costs and by Keynesian methods, of unemployment; everything else, including anything distinctively conservative, is relegated, at least by implication, to the category of "minor if troublesome" interruptions.

This volume takes the story only as far as 1939. It describes Macmillan's home background, which was austere upper middle class, and pays tribute to his mother, who came from Indiana; recalls the last halcyon summer term at Oxford in 1914, and how he came out of a dance to hear a newsboy crying, "Murder of Archduke"—and how it meant nothing to him; gives a vivid description of his experiences in France, including the celebrated incident when he lay wounded in a shell-hole reading Aeschylus while he waited, the shells whistling above him, to be rescued. In a rare moment of personal exposure, he tells how, after a plane crash in the Second World War, he forgot everything which had happened in between, and asked, as he had asked in France, for a message to be sent to his mother—who had been dead for seven years.

Throughout the period of this volume, Macmillan held no public office. He was constantly at odds with his party, first about economics, then about appeasement. (As he once told Churchill, to Churchill's considerable annoyance, the Tory rebels owed much to Hitler. "He made you Prime Minister and me an Under-Secretary. No power on earth, except Hitler, could have done either.") He believes himself to have been right on both grounds, and is notably complacent about the way in which his semi-collectivist proposals have since



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been implemented. "Much that I was advocating in those years has come about . . . with general approval."

Indeed it has, unfortunately. He speaks with strong contempt about "the old Liberal doctrine of *laissez-faire*." "The old arguments between individualism and socialism," he says, "seemed to us irrelevant"; the price of freedom was "too great." He advocated high tariffs; the nationalization of transport, electricity, much insurance, the armament industries, and the Bank of England; the elimination of wasteful competition by compulsory amalgamations; state supervision of, and participation in, the processes both of production and of distribution; the direction of investment into "correct channels" and "correct locations." The entire private sector was to be subject to "strategic control" by the state. No wonder these ideas received a good deal of Socialist support.

If this aspect of his career shows him, from a conservative (or even from a Conservative) point of view, at his worst, he may be seen at his best in the passages where he meditates on warmer subjects: on Bolivar's division of all mankind into "gownsmen" and "swordsmen"; on Churchill's worry towards the end of the war that he might have made the same mistake as Cromwell—"obsessed in his youth by fear of the power of Spain, he failed to observe the rise of France"; on the safeguards which the antiquated procedures of the House of Commons provide and which the General Assembly of the United Nation lacks.

Winds of Change has been described by English reviewers as being a fine work of art, which it is not; as being almost as dull as Eden's memoirs, which is a little unfair; and as being singularly frank, which is quite untrue. Once the political narrative begins, the personal story—as opposed to the story of Macmillan the politician—disappears almost entirely. This is a pity. But enough of his character comes through, enough of his sly humor, his urbanity, his generosity towards past foes (with a few exceptions, such as Dulles), to remind us that Harold Macmillan is, by any standards, a very interesting man, and to whet our appetites for the next two volumes, not because they are likely to contain startling revelations but because of what they will reveal between the lines.

He appeared on television the other day for the first time since his retirement. He was sitting by his own fireside, talking expansively about this book and its themes. It was impossible to dislike him, gownsman again now but still with a flash of the swordsman; so civilized, so human and yet so unheated, so literate, so quietly shrewd, so plainly a gentleman; so different from the present Prime Minister.

Meandering Streams of Plenty

RICHARD C. CORNUELLE

THE GENEROSITY OF AMERICANS comes bound and has a jacket and costs $5.95 but is not a book. It is a random, unedited collection of the papers of a very distinguished and interesting gentleman, gathered as, for half a century, he pursued a romantic and colorful vocation as a professional money-raiser. About four-fifths of the material is of little interest. There are some disconnected observations about the history of philanthropy, an album of photographs of Mr. Marts' favorite things and people, an appreciation of Mr. Marts by Norman Vincent Peale—the sort of thing that will interest his family and friends, but not the general reader.

The Generosity of Americans, by Arnaud C. Marts. Prentice-Hall, $5.95

But there is a redeeming section, about fifty pages long, of his confessions as a professional money-raiser. This is fascinating. Mr. Marts was one of the first professional money-raisers in America and, therefore, in history. He backed into the field when he was twenty-two, having at first been a YMCA under-secretary in Pittsburgh. As far as I can tell from the book jacket he is still at it and he is now seventy-eight.

Professional money-raising sprang from a pair of unique American circumstances: Americans had more money to give away than any nation of people had ever had before, and they hated to ask each other for it. And so, quite naturally, professional money-raisers came forward to meet this need, in much the same way that professional undertakers had earlier come forth to help people lay out their dead. There are some remarkable similarities. For instance, practitioners of both professions affect an ecclesiastical manner and both have developed a stilted, evasive vocabulary. A money-raiser would no more say "money" than an undertaker would say "dead" or "body." A money-raiser never raises "money," he raises "funds." The money a rich man might give is his "overflow." If there is a great deal of it, it becomes a "major overflow."

So Mr. Marts writes of his career, over-protesting its legitimacy, and spicing it with cute, chilling stories of his successes in separating rich people from their overflow. There is the story of a Wall Street banker who, having stopped to give a panhandler a quarter and thus avoided an exploding bomb, spent the rest of his life giving panhandlers quarters. There is a Scotsman who gave a college a hundred thousand dollars when all the students could recite the shorter catechism. There is a college president who changed his brand of cigarettes and in this way got money from a tobacco tycoon. We learn how a poor old lady's five-dollar gift shamed a wealthy man into making an immense one, and how college trusteeships are cynically traded for overflow. Mr. Marts, in his lifetime, helped various institutions raise two billion dollars. Between the lines of this chronicle is revealed the glory and shame of American philanthropy—our immense generosity expressed impulsively and sentimentally, and often comically.

Mr. Marts is an anachronism. His colorful breed has been replaced by a more sophisticated and, on the whole, less interesting group of money-raisers. Their memoirs will be less naive, but the problem Mr. Marts' career exemplifies will remain. Americans are uniquely generous with their time and money. If this raw impulse were sensibly channeled to solve honest human problems, most of the conditions that provide the excuses for government's aimless crusades could be eliminated. But we

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re just now frittering away this pre-
ious resource. We desperately need
o know how to tell a good cause from
bad one. We need some calculus
nd machinery for investing philan-
thropic resources intelligently. A couple of years ago a pollster asked people why they gave to a particular charity. Because, most of them said, we gave last year.

Retrospective

Unexplored Territory

JEFFREY HART

AT ONE TIME, everyone read Kipling. But for "five literary gen-
rations," as George Orwell remarks,
very enlightened person has de-
ised him." And even the determined
forts of our best, our most influen-
al critics seem unable to regain for
m his place in our operative literary
adition. T. S. Eliot, Edmund Wilson,
ionel Trilling, Randall Jarrell, and,
ow, J. I. M. Stewart (*Rudyard Kipling*, Dodd Mead, $5.00), have said, in effect: "Look. Kipling is a very important writer, and quite possibly a great one. He has written a number of stories which are among the best in the language, or any language. *Kim* is an extraordinary novel. And Kipling's characteristic concerns are relevant right now. Read him!" But except for our best critics, he scarcely exists just below that level.

As an explanation of this, it is scarcely adequate to refer to Kipling's conservatism. True enough, as J. I. M. Stewart observes, "Kipling retains the power and will to irritate those 'liberal' sentiments which have tended to make the running among English-speaking writers and intellectuals during the present century." But the point is not quite that Kipling is more conservative than a host of other writers who are perfectly acceptable to "enlightened" opinion. In its political bearing his work is no further from "liberal sentiment" than that of Yeats or Eliot or Hemingway or Faulkner. How could it be? The difficulty is that whereas they operate by indirection, employing, variously, a considerable amount of metaphor, myth, and parable, Kipling talks directly about issues that have been very much before us. They are figurative; he is blunt and literal. We have, of course, our own sorts of Bowdlerism today, and so, though we now may hear all we wish, and more than we wish, about sex, there are other subjects before which the veil must be discreetly drawn. Kipling insists upon thrusting it aside.

To take one example, he supported the British imperial cause, because he knew—and Conrad picked up his phrase for *Heart of Darkness*—that there exist "dark places of the earth, full of unimaginable cruelty." He knew that the native populations usually had little notion of public order or common honesty, that infanticide, mutilation, and torture were prominent on the scene. He had looked at the world, and in his judgment there were superior and inferior civilizations. It is quite true that throughout his Indian tales, as T. S. Eliot says, "it is on the whole the Indian characters who have the greater reality, because they are treated with the understanding of love"; it is quite true that the lama in *Kim* adumbrates spiritual possibilities that are outside the Pax Britannica; but in Kipling's view Western civilization was superior to the others, and in this he was surely right. That superiority, of course, is one thing over which we discreetly draw the veil today. To speak of it would disturb too many—to coin a phrase—vested guilts.

"Enlightened" people have a tendency to become panic-stricken in the face of such judgments, so much so that frequently they are unable to *read* what Kipling actually wrote. Every book-reviewer on the *New Republic* no doubt knows, contemptuously, that Kipling refers to "lesser breeds without the law," and doubtless regards it as an affront to the innate dignity of Patrice Lumumba. But in the great poem where the line occurs, *Recessional*, it clearly refers to the Kaiser's Germans and their bellicose *realpolitik*. Similarly, it is well known that Kipling said that "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." This is terribly offensive to the enlightened will to transcend the concretenesse of culture in the interest of some abstract putative brotherhood of man. But who remembers that a couple of lines later Kipling says that "there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,/When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth"?

Kipling's considered and accurate judgment of the Emerging Peoples is so offensive, furthermore, that no one notices that he also saw with perfect clarity the faults of his own civilization. Because he was serious about civilized values he was much harder on the English than on the Fuzzywuzzy. He saw that battles would be lost on the playing fields of Eton, that "the flannelled fools at the wicket" and the "muddied oafs at the goals" wouldn't be very effective in a serious action. The British Army was woefully unprepared, its leadership incompetent: Kipling's son John, a young volunteer, was killed in the autumn of 1914 at the battle of Loos, where the British lost 20,000 men.

BUT LET US turn aside from those who have not, and perhaps cannot, listen to Kipling, and consider the writer himself. Like Conrad, he knew that there were dark places on the earth, and also dark places in the soul. He knew how fine the line was, not only between civilization and barbarism but between sanity and madness. Tradition, discipline, professional loyalty, ritual—all these help to keep back both the barbarian without and the menaces within. They protected that tragically vulnerable "clean, well-lighted place," as Hemingway was to call it. And in a drastic situation almost anything might be thrown into the breach. In his story "The Janeites," for example, the members of an English battery in Flanders keep themselves under control by elaborating a series of allusions to Jane Austen's novels—which "works," for they continue to function until the battery is destroyed and most of them are killed.

It is in one's actual experience of Kipling's language, however, that his drastic modernity is so vivid and moving. Because he was so completely an artist he was able to embody his vision in his medium. What we find, on the one hand, is a reportorial objectivity that in retrospect is terrifying. But, characteristically, this al-

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most galactic prose is interrupted by a moment of revelation in which the language seems to take on a totally different character. There is the professional discipline, but a deep awareness of the incommensurate: and the discipline becomes heroic because of the awareness.

Take, for example, that remarkable late story, "Mary Postgate," in which a plain and methodical English spinster is burning the belongings of a young soldier whom she has raised and who has been killed. We hear a "neutral" catalogue of his things, his schoolbooks and atlases, cricket bats and tennis balls, sheaves of school photographs, and jigsaw puzzles. Then comes the passage: "The shrubbery was filling with twilight by the time she had completed her arrangements and sprinkled the sacrificial oil. As she lit the match that would burn her heart to ashes, she heard a groan or a grunt behind the dense Portugal laurels." Both Eliot and Edmund Wilson have remarked upon Kipling's ability to reach out beyond the already established tone and rhythm for an effect of an entirely different kind, and to make that moment revelatory. "The match that would burn her heart to ashes." Mary's hopeless sorrow breaks through the even surface established by a lifetime of quiet repression. In a similar way, as Eliot demonstrates, the regular rhythms and repetitions in "Danny Deever" prepare us for the word "whimpers" in the climax, which is on an entirely different plane:

"What's that that whimpers over'ead?"
said Files-on-Parade,
"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now,"
the Color Sergeant said.

Those for whom Kipling is unexplored territory might begin with his story "The Gardener" in which the tension reaches an almost unbearable pitch in preparation for the remarkable climax.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': *The Story of Fats Waller*, by Ed Kirkeby (Dodd Mead, $5.00). One night, as I sat playing Fats Waller records with *NR*'s Jim McFadden, Jim found the clue to the harmful little armful: "Imagine anyone being so cruel as to try to integrate that man!" Nobody ever managed to. Pale, earnest jazz critics, marveling over that triphammer left hand and the playful right one, despaired. Why couldn't Waller be serious? Fats kept trying to explain why in his music: he was having a ball. He took his scotch neat, by the tumbler. He crowded at least two lifetimes into his 39 years, and died just in time, in 1943. But had he lived to see jazz musicians—*jazz musicians!*—making a career of contemplating their navels, Fats would have had the answer. He would have turned on that wicked leer and cooed, "One never knows, do one?" N. MCCAFFREY

CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN, by Sven Stolpe, translated and edited by Sir Alec Randall and Ruth M. Bethell (Macmillan, $6.95). Sven Stolpe could be said to concentrate on Swedish spiritual biographies, of which his book on Hammarskjold is likely to be a better-selling example than this book on a (to American readers) relatively obscure and unimportant seventeenth-century queen. Christina was swarthy, mannish, somewhat slat ternly woman, who never marrie nominated her cousin as her suc cessor to the throne of Swede abdicated, and lived a Catholic i Rome for the last thirty-four yea of her life. She left a series maxims of an illuminist sort, c which the author has produced tw books not yet translated, and sh is, to be sure, an interesting figu in the religious controversies later seventeenth-century Roma Catholicism. Doubtless this is th best book available on her in Eng lish. But when all this is admitte it remains true that the dustjacket claim that "Christina . . . is un doubtedly the most discussed all queens in history, second onl to Cleopatra" seems exaggerate Though my reaction is undoubted ly provincial, I should be incline to rank her not only behind Cleo patra, but behind Isabella, Eliza beth I, Mary Tudor, Mary Quee of Scots, Victoria, the Empres Catherine, Hatshepsut, and prob ably Salote of Tonga.

J. C. LOBDEL

THE EUROPEAN POWERS, *1900-1945*, b Martin Gilbert (New America Library, $5.95). A book that fail to mention the significance of Rus sia's role in the rape of Poland i 1939, the unprovoked Soviet at tack on the Baltic states in 194(the Katyn Forest massacre, an the thousands of Ukrainians an Red soldiers who defected to th Nazis at the beginning of the Rus sian invasion is no history of twen tieth-century Europe. Gilbert, fellow at Merton College, Oxfor uses Liberal whitewash in his en tire treatment of Communis Russia. His claim that Stalin "firs came into prominence as a liberato . . . of small nations" is absurd; th Communist position on the ques tion of nationalities is theoretica only and tactical at that. He make no more sense when he states tha the Kaiser was "willing to face war" against Russia and France a the same time. The whole purpos of the Schlieffen plan was to avoi a two-front war by knocking ou France before Russia could attacl Germany. Gilbert adds nothin new to the history of the decline o Europe.

W. J. GRIFFITH II

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Trees of the trumpet-creeper family	5 15 48 39 138 78 87 167
B. A plant, a color, a gem, a proper name	13 85 109 62 1 3 118 49
C. A faithful friend	25 136 147 82 50 17 139
D. Endowed with great personal attractiveness	40 132 115 92 29 140 4 176
E. Tsar of Bulgaria, 1918-1943	81 125 114 41 134 57 164 173
F. The begonia	89 18 63 170 51 137 166 30 100 120 150 123
G. The rabble	110 116 2 38 153 155 126 145
H. A king crab	131 175 10 70 42 31 189 93
I. Rudimentary	162 156 6 185 94 117 146 52
J. An Arctic cetacean (one of three spellings)	190 53 183 21 121 177 19 65
K. A member of the antimonopolist wing of New York City Democrats, 1835	90 7 58 101 169 124 191 159
L. Where the Revolution ended, 1781	143 165 188 88 151 180 46 95
M. What oil men sometimes dig; town in Cape Girardeau County, Mo.	149 55 68 181 111 8 84 133
N. This may be paid by a bank, insurance company, bankrupt estate	157 128 16 43 32 122 102 72
O. English philosopher, 1300?-?1349 (one of two spellings)	168 130 158 33 54
P. One of the twelve tribes of Israel	36 44 179 66 174 59 26 20
Q. An officious or inquisitive person or meddler (like Harold Howe II)	112 74 61 34 83 9 142 91
R. Immature work	96 141 28 22 103 75 172 135 11
S. A band of performers on various instruments	104 23 12 98 67 108 76 45 35
T. Brought bad luck to	119 69 97 37 113 171 24 161
U. Anything causing oblivion	60 77 187 148 99 105 127 154
V. A type of rodent	129 73 152 14 56 79 107 178
W. Unscramble TOM LEE	144 86 182 71 186 163
X. The active principle of tobacco	64 27 106 80 184 47 160 192

See page 1237 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	1 B	2 G	■	3 B	4 D	5 A	6 I	7 K	8 M	9 Q	■	10 H	11 R	12 S	13 B	14 V		
15 A	16 N	17 C	18 F	19 J	20 P	■	21 J	22 R	23 S	24 T	■	25 C	26 P	27 X	28 R	29 D	■		
30 F	31 H	32 N	33 O	34 Q	■	35 S	36 P	37 T	■	38 G	39 A	40 D	41 E	42 H	43 N	44 P	45 S		
■	46 L	47 X	48 A	49 B	■	50 C	51 F	52 I	■	53 J	54 O	55 M	56 V	57 E	58 K	59 P	60 U		
■	61 Q	62 B	63 F	64 X	65 J	■	66 P	67 S	■	68 M	69 T	70 H	71 W	72 N	■	73 V	74 Q		
75 R	76 S	77 U	■	78 A	79 V	80 X	81 E	82 C	83 Q	84 M	85 B	■	86 W	87 A	88 L	89 F	■		
90 K	91 Q	92 D	93 H	94 I	95 L	■	96 R	97 T	98 S	99 U	100F	101K	102N	■	103R	104S	105U		
■	106X	107V	108S	109B	110G	111M	■	112Q	113T	114E	115D	116G	117I	■	118B	119T	120F		
■	121J	122N	123F	124K	■	125E	126G	■	127U	128N	129V	■	130O	131H	132D	133M	134E		
135R	136C	137F	138A	■	139C	140D	141R	142Q	143L	■	144W	145G	■	146I	147C	148U	■		
149M	150F	151L	152V	153G	154U	■	155G	156I	157N	■	158O	159K	160X	161T	162I	163W	164E		
165L	166F	167A	■	168O	169K	■	170F	171T	172R	173E	174P	175H	176D	177J	178V	■	179P		
180L	181M	182W	183J	■	184X	185I	186W	■	187U	188L	189H	190J	191K	192X	■	■	■		

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SOHO

(Continued from p. 1222)

legant façade, but its frontage had ot been widened. It used to have a terary and artistic clientele and its alls were covered with canvases iat their painters had left in settlement of debts. In more than one of iy early novels, I described two of s pictures—one of an old man, collpsing in his chair while a monkey leared the table of its dessert; the ther of a woman with head flung ack and half-closed eyes, her mouth fted towards a scarlet butterfly that overed tantalizingly above it. I would iake my heroes and heroines look up t them and register appropriate reections.

It was half-past eleven. The front oor of the restaurant was open. I ooked inside. Both the monkey and ie butterfly had vanished, their laces filled by other canvases, acuired presumably on the same prinple. But in essence the room was nchanged; just as was Soho itself. forgot the Ginza-like impression of ie previous night.

London is changing as fast as any ther city. Fifty years ago there were few good restaurants outside the Vest End, Fleet Street and Soho. Now iere are restaurants right down the Brompton Road, Chelsea is peppered vith them; the very young are going s far afield as Nick's diner in S.W. 0. Soho's supremacy is challenged. But even so, it is managing to hold :s own. It will be many years before ondoners cease to ask each other, Tell me, where do you go now in oho?"

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (November 15)

BILL EARLE

BRIEFLY PUT:

An economist discussed the whys and wherefores of our economic system for more than an hour, covering the subject well. When finally he was finished, the toastmaster added,". . . If your outgo exceeds your income, then your upkeep will be your downfall."

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 1197)

districts immutably Republican until his "trail-breaking" right-wing defoliation opened them to the lethal enfilade of LBJ and the Democrats.

New York, N.Y. GEORGE F. GILDER
Associate Editor
The New Leader

Fighting Redneck

Amid our rejoicing over the evident conservative sweep in the elections, I am impelled to two sobering observations:

(1) James Burnham's probing query, "Why Do They Hate Robert Strange McNamara?" represents the most precise and overwhelming critical analysis of a liberal cabinet member, in a favorable light, by a "reactionary" publication that has appeared in any U.S. periodical in recent years; and

(2) The recent designation, in your columns, of Georgia's neophyte politician, Lester Maddox, as a "redneck" is adopted by every native Georgian, including me, as a badge of honor to be worn in battle with you dam yankees, and fails to define the sound, conservative, grassroots opinions of those Georgia voters who would rather fight than switch.

Jacksonville, Fla. DOWNING NIGHTINGALE

Photo Fan

Your photo coverages of two items, Vietnamese civilian casualties [Oct. 18], and the Ghost of Hungary, circa 1956 [Nov. 1], were terrific! More, please! *NR*'s prose has meant a lot to us, and the pictures even more, if that's possible. At least ten of my associates read each issue of *NR* that I pass along, even some of my liberal friends.

Cincinnati, Ohio MEL HENSLY

VIETNAM

(Continued from p. 1212)

Vietnam seems vastly less dangerous, and, in the end, less painful than any alternative. Politically it has been successful beyond expectation. I do not think that the Chinese influence over the world Communist movement would have declined as it has had we not persisted in Vietnam. Nor would the uprisings in Africa which replaced pro-Chinese with anti-Chinese governments have happened. To be sure, these changes depended very largely on local factors. Yet, I doubt that they would have occurred, had the United States presented itself as a weak and unreliable ally.

If we allow the Chinese to impress the world as "the wave of the future," their influence will increase. The destruction of the pro-Chinese Communist party of Indonesia—which came near ruling the hundred million Indonesians—would hardly have occurred had the Indonesians felt that the future belongs to China, and that the United States is in the process of abandoning Asia.

The sacrifices made in defending Vietnam against Communist domination have already prevented the Chinese from taking over vast territories, and have reduced their power in many areas and respects while increasing the power of our allies and the strength of our alliances. Continuation of our present Vietnamese policy is the best hope for world peace without surrender—the best policy to minimize violence and to avoid another war.

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Election tidbits: **Romney for President** organizers first at Presidential gate. By Wednesday Nov. 9 bumper stickers in Detroit proclaimed: "Great for '68—Romney." . . . Insiders say New York Deputy Mayor **Robert Price** (necromancer-in-chief of **Lindsay** campaigns) will be active in Romney campaign. He's resigning his NYC job in January. . . . For umpteenth time **F. Clifton White** (architect of Goldwater nomination) denies he is working for Romney. Means it. . . . Boomlet started among Republican conservatives in California for Dr. **Max Rafferty.** They hope to run him against non-party-player Sen. **Thomas Kuchel** in '68 primary. . . . Democratic nominee could be Mayor **Sam Yorty,** also boomletting. . . . **Barry Goldwater's** comment on the election: "An **LBJ** backlash."

■ Re-elected: oldest House member, 88-year-old Democratic Rep. **Barratt O'Hara** (whose hearings on South Africa last spring were duds). Bounced, in double-whammy: youngest House member, Democratic Rep. **Jed Johnson** of Oklahoma who lost a) his seat and b) his draft deferment. . . . **Alaska** flip-flopped into Republican ranks with Democrats losing two of top three jobs at stake (Governor, Congressman-at-large), retaining **Bob Bartlett's** Senate seat. . . . Communist **Herbert Aptheker,** running in New York's 12th CD, polled fewer than 3,000 votes (or 2.5 per cent). His opponent whom Aptheker had proposed to clobber (campaign song: *Get out the vote, Get out the vote, send Edna Kelly down the drain*) got 73 per cent. . . . *Worker* saw election as "Voter Rebuff to Warhawks". . . . France's influential *Le Monde* commented: "The Democrats are doomed to prudence."

■ Numbers game: **Labor** elected only 50 per cent of candidates it backed; is estimated to have lost 40 friendly seats in House. . . . **Reed Larson** of National Right to Work Committee reports 50 House members who voted for repeal of 14 (b) got the boot. . . . Of the 44 Democratic freshmen, sixteen lost. . . . In New York State, sixteen state assemblymen and five state senators who ran on Republican *and* Conservative line were elected. . . . GOP picked up 677 seats in state legislatures; had lost 529 in 1964. . . . **Nixon's** coattails proved more magnetic than **Bobby Kennedy's.** Candidates batted in (CBI) average for RFK was .391; for Nixon .686.

Jon—Daily Mail Ben Roth Agency

"Fred, have we got one called 'Sex and Morality'?"

■ Now believed that escaped British spy **George Blake** may be in East Germany (sanctuary of other British spy, Dr. **Klaus Fuchs**). Two commercial flights took off for Germany from London airport (20 minutes from Wormwood Scrubbs prison) within an hour or so of Blake's escape; before th alarm was out. . . . **Bertrand Russe** having his troubles getting his wa crimes tribunal off the ground. Thre sponsors of Lord Bertrand Russe Peace Foundation (parent organizatic of the Tribunal) have resigned. The are Presidents **Julius Nyerere** of Tan zania, **Kenneth Kaunda** of Zambi **Léopold Senghor** of Senegal. . . . **Dan ish Parliament** voted last week (wit only one negative vote) to provide a Danish girls fifteen years and over wit free contraceptives whether their paren consent to it or not. . . . **World Medic Association**, meeting in Manila, ha just reaffirmed its stand against abo tion. . . . **Rumania** has become fir of Iron Curtain countries to repea legalized abortion. Its birthrate dow dangerously.

■ On the educational front: Unive sity of California at Berkeley has sai thanks but no thanks to suggestion b Free Speech movement leader **Mari Savio** that he return to his classes ther . . . . Respected Institute for Religiou and Social Studies lists lecture o "How to Manipulate Symbols to In fluence the Power Structure and Effec Change" in its current series at Ne York's Jewish Theological Seminary The lecturer: **Jesse Gray** (fellow-travel ing Prof. of Rent Strikes and Relate Activities). . . . Richard Earle Healey son of **Dorothy Healey,** chairman o the Southern California Communis Party, and himself a veteran of couple of World Youth Festivals an various peacenik extravaganzas, ha received three-year, $6,600 governmen fellowship to study at Tulane.

■ God Help the Nation Note: *Wash ington Post* story on victory celebra tion at **Chuck Percy** headquarters re ports one exuberant comment: "Thi is the greatest thing to happen t America since Eisenhower."

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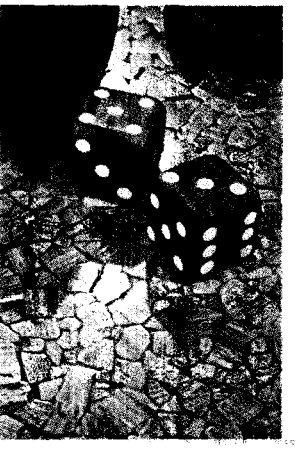

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